THE HISTORY OF TOM WESTON

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A NOVEL,

AFTER THE MANNER OF

TOM JONES.

By GEORGE BREWER, Esq.
OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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INTRODUCTION.

ANY attempt to delineate human nature with truth, and to clear her from the ingenious perſpective in which the extravagances and abſurdities of novel writers have ſo long placed her, will at leaſt meet with a reception from thoſe few whoſe juſt taſte ſtill brings to their remembrance the names of Fielding and of Smollet.

And

And though this imperfect little work may deſervedly meet with the repulſes of criticiſm, and be conſigned to an immediate oblivion, ſtill ſhall the endeavour to reſtore the chaſte and natural colouring of thoſe inimitable maſters be acknowledged in their unſucceſsful pupil.

Educated in misfortune, and the conſtant ſlave of hope and diſappointment, the Author of theſe little volumes has been led from infancy to make many melancholy reflections on the ways of men, from which the unexperienced may

may at leaſt derive one advantage—to know a little of the world. It is by the encouragement only of a few kind friends that Tom Weſton is now offered to the public, and with his fate is involved that of ſome other manuſcripts, which have long been laid on the neglected ſhelf.

One allowance, however, is aſked from the juſtneſs of criticiſm, that the Author's profeſſional concerns may plead an excuſe for ſome little inaccuracies, owing to the want of time to correct the preſs.

And

And now he reſigns the infant of his imagination to the generoſity of thoſe judges of literature who have either the power to acknowledge it —or to decide that—he ſhall never write again.

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THE

HISTORY

OF

TOM WESTON.

CHAP. I.

The Birth of Tom Weſton, *with ſome account of the Family into which he is introduced.*

IT was on the fourteenth of the pleaſant month of May, on a fine ſtarlight night, and in a ſweet healthy village in the county of *Northampton*, that the hero of theſe adventures

was born, an æra too remarkable to be eaſily forgot, and which is indeed, at this time, mentioned with extreme wonder and ſatisfaction, by the few old dames who yet remain in the hamlet, and who meet on a Sunday afternoon (according to ancient uſage and cuſtom) to goſſip at the doors of each other's cottages, in their clean-waſhed linen gowns.

It is ſaid by theſe narrators, (who have preſerved the detail pure from the ravages of time) that the night was extremely ſtill and beautiful; the air very ſultry; the moon ſhone with uncommon brightneſs; that at thirteen minutes paſt twelve, or near upon, a meteor was obſerved to dart from the eaſtern hills, paſs the ſteeple of the pariſh church with prodigious velocity, leaving what they called a long fiery tail behind it, and

at

at laſt burſt with an aſtoniſhing report, louder, as they ſay, than any cannon——It was at this ominous or auſpicious moment (for that difference exiſted in the minds of the ſilent ſpectators) that Mr. Wilkie, the apothecary and man-midwife, was hurried out of bed, from the arms of his loving ſpouſe Mrs. Rebecca Wilkie, and darted with a velocity nearly equal to that of the blazing ſtar, in a direction which, in a few moments, brought him to Weſton Hall, where an aſſembly of toothleſs old women, nurſes, goſſips, viſitors, pupils, and female graduates, were ready to receive him. The whole manſion, indeed, was in arms, and every perſon up, except Mr. Weſton, brother-in-law to the lady in bed, who, on hearing a ſtrange confuſed noiſe, roſe, inquired the

cauſe, put on his night-cap, laid himſelf down again, and went quietly to ſleep.

It was not ſo with Miſs Dorothea Weſton, ſhe had given the moſt direct, poſitive, and particular orders to be called; and indeed it was, perhaps, fortunate for our hero, that this good lady was the Lucina of the night; for though ſhe really could not ſay "*experientia docet*," yet ſhe poſſeſſed ſo profound a knowledge of the obſtetric art, as would, perhaps, have puzzled all the doctors in Northampton.

As in the courſe of this hiſtory I ſhall be obliged to make frequent mention of this lady, I ſhall endeavour to bring the reader and her acquainted as ſoon as poſſible.—Miſs Dorothea Weſton, then, was a maiden ſiſter of Charles Weſton, Eſq. of Weſton

Weſton Hall, Northamptonſhire, and a lady of prodigious and exemplary virtue; ſhe was in perſon a tall ſcraggy woman, (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) about ſix feet three inches, remarkably thin, and would have made an excellent ſubject for teaching oſteology. Her pale and wrinkled face was ſomewhat relieved by the dark briſtly brown hair which was pomatumed up in front; her eyes were affected with a watery ſtream which flowed inceſſantly; her mouth was very ſmall, and came under the deſcription of prim. In regard to ſhape, ſhe was as ſtrait as an arrow, and had beſides a pretty bridle with her head, which ſhewed the perfection of her form to the greateſt advantage. She was very ſmooth ſpoken, and always liſped (I ſuppoſe for ſweetneſs ſake) the word

"Mem," inſtead of Mame, Ma'am, or Madam; which laſt, I believe, being moſt proper, is leaſt uſed. She had now attained the age of ſixty-three, and, what is moſt extraordinary, had kept immaculate during the whole time, and perhaps, like the Egyptian mummy, will keep ſo for ever. She had had, however, numerous lovers in her time; had experienced many narrow eſcapes, and could relate many wonderful adventures, in which virtue always came off conqueror; particularly in one inſtance, where ſhe had nearly given way—her lover, a ſtout young fellow, ſix feet high, and a ſoldier into the bargain, was at her feet ſwearing eternal affection, and threatening, unleſs ſhe pitied him, to take the poiſonous draught—ſhe loſt ground every moment; but, luckily, the gentleman being ſeized with

with a ſudden fit of coughing, ſhe had time to think of her danger; and from this moment it was impoſſible to eject virtue from (its native ſeat) her pure boſom.

She alſo mentions another time when ſhe was in imminent danger—Walking out with her ſweetheart, (I believe it was in May) they encountered a ſtyle, which ſhe abſolutely refuſed getting over; however, at laſt, with much perſuaſion, ſhe conſented, provided he would go on before and promiſe not to look back; this he ſolemnly agreed to, and the lady was now extending her withered leg over the upper bar, when, in the ecſtaſy of love, and feeling an ungovernable propenſity to take a peep, he turned about. The enraged virgin, replacing her petticoats, exclaimed, "The chaſte Diana had the power

of transforming the bold, the inſolent Acteon into a ſtag for the like offence;—and thus, Sir, I puniſh you—Go—never ſee me more!"—The poor fellow was at firſt dreadfully alarmed, fearing ſhe really poſſeſſed the power of magic; and was nearly out of the field before he was thoroughly convinced whether he was a man or a beaſt. That the reader may not be ſurpriſed at the heroic manner in which this lady ſpoke, I muſt inform him (in the way of ſecreſy) that ſhe was a great ſpouter; had ſtudied Enfield's Speaker, and had read all the new Tragedies. In the moſt common domeſtic concerns (thinking herſelf in a play) ſhe uſed all the actions and eloquence of a barn, alarming the ſervants continually with apoſtrophe, antitheſis, epiphonema, amplification, peri-

periphraſis, and proſopopeia; ſhe was always talking of expreſſion; and to ſtudy the play of her features, conſtantly performed before the looking-glaſs, in which many curious effects were produced. When ſhe attempted to ſmile, ſhe grinned; when ſhe frowned, ſhe appeared laughing; and when worked up to the height of tragic rage, ſhe reſembled Tiſiphonè; her inflexible features were naturally inclined to uglineſs, and never forgot their place: ſhe, however, excelled moſt in action. I believe it has been ſomewhere obſerved, that every great performer at the Theatres has ſome particularly favourite geſture, which ſhows him off to the greateſt advantage. Mr. Garrick, it is well known, was unequalled in attitudes of ſurpriſe and horror; ſuch as the ſtarting ſcene in King Richard—in Hamlet,

where the young prince ſees his father's ghoſt—in the dagger ſcene in Macbeth, and in ſeveral others; which, though extremely unnatural, have effect, by almoſt the ſame magic on the ſenſes, as is produced on the imagination when we view a drawing of Mr. Gilpin's. Henderſon had, in ſoliloquy and expoſtulation, a method of laying the fore-finger of the right hand on the fore-finger of the left. In Comedy every body muſt admire the natural eaſe of Mr. Lewis, when, with arms folded, and the left foot kept in play behind the right, he perſonates, to perfection, the gay, diſſipated, faſhionable man. Miſs Farren is remarkable for introducing the finger between the necklace, in a manner moſt expreſſive of the *ennui* or affectation of the character ſhe aſſumes.

Miſs

Miſs Dorothea had her geſtures too: the poſition in which ſhe held her prayer-book at church was enthuſiaſtic in the extreme, for ſhe excelled in all the tabernacle trick of devotion: in the action of charity, the fore-finger and thumb compreſſed the halfpenny which ſhe was about to give away, with all the grace compaſſion could afford it: in attitudes of ſurpriſe ſhe raiſed both hands, ſpread the palms, and extended her long aquiline fingers, uſing the ejaculations—"Lawk a daiſy! Well, who could have thought it!"—Her voice was, in general, ſoftened to modulating ſweetneſs, which, however, ſometimes, in ſudden guſts of paſſion, came out in loud cracks like thunder, then ſqueaked like a bagpipe, and ſometimes trembled like a trill in muſic. At ſome moments, when

perhaps a pleaſing idea ruled the ſub-acid, ſhe was mild and gentle as an angel, palliative and forgiving in the extreme. But theſe bleſt intervals were not granted often to the maids and footmen in the houſe, her chief pleaſure was to perplex, haraſs, and fatigue thoſe about her. She was, however, an acquiſition to Mr. Weſton, being an excellent houſekeeper, and parſimonious in the extreme; to be ſure, ſhe was rather poſitive; and, what was worſe, almoſt always in the wrong. But this did not much diſturb the peace of the family, as Mr. Weſton never diſputed; and if ever any body quarrelled with him, he always went to ſleep.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

In which the Reader will have an opportunity of being ſerious.

AFTER having allowed the reader a pauſe, to animadvert on the perfections, as well as the foibles, of the lady who occupied much of the laſt chapter, we ſhall beg leave to return for a moment to that part of the hiſtory where we left Mrs. Weſton in bed, merely to inform him, that ſhe was, about twelve at night, happily delivered of a fine boy;—and then leave the old nurſe and her nocturnal companions to deſcant on the beauty of the infant's yet unformed features; to bleſs its dear little eyes with

with all the mumbling emphaſis of ſixty-three; to pour out long-ſtretched pious ejaculations for its future health or proſperity, and to make it a judge or a learned phyſician, while we proceed to a neceſſary part of this hiſtory, which we would willingly eſcape, for it will afford the gayeſt of our readers a melancholy thought, and cauſe that depreſſion of the ſpirits ſo natural to humanity, when he is informed, that poor Tom was a poſthumous infant.

Mr. Thomas Weſton, one of the beſt of men, about three months before our hero's birth, was ſeized with a fever, that at once terminated his misfortunes and his exiſtence. It is a painful thought, that an ungenerous world ſhould force a tear from a good man, ſinking in the arms of death, and keep that eye yet ſtarting from its

its orb, with ſome diſtracting idea, that ſhould cloſe for ever in peace; this, however, was really the caſe, for every interval in Mr. Weſton's delirium was only greater madneſs. The reader may, perhaps, find in his own heart a cauſe for regret, in a good man leaving a deſpicable world; it is, however, proper for us to preſent him with a ſhort ſketch of this gentleman's life, who was the ſecond ſon of Charles Weſton, Eſq. of Northampton, of a reſpectable and ancient family. When a boy, he ſhewed a particular inclination towards a military life, in which he was indulged by an affectionate parent, who died ſoon after, leaving the bulk of his fortune to his eldeſt ſon Charles, and about ten thouſand pounds to Captain Weſton; this great difference would never have been made,

made, had Mr. Weſton been left to decide from the natural goodneſs of his own heart, which, we are ſorry to ſay, was not the caſe. Many little anecdotes of the Captain's extravagance were daily whiſpered in his hearing, illuſtrated with fiction, and adorned with malice; with, ſometimes, a well-timed palliation or excuſe, the more to ſtrengthen the evidence of the perſon who related the ſtory; even pity was pronounced from the lips of hatred, and forgiveneſs applied for, to enſure reſentment. The elder brother uſed the moſt certain means of ſucceſs; conſtitutionally ſedate, and torpid by nature; prudent, parſimonious, avaricious; from the cradle, his early love of œconomy, oppoſed to the extravagant follies of his brother, ſhone with all the ſuperior light of virtue. At

ſchool,

ſchool, the money he received remained untouched, while Tom diſſipated his in a moment. The father, however, had too much ſenſe not to admire a generoſity of diſpoſition he could not approve, and while he condemned the practice, was pleaſed to find the theory planted in his heart. But when this ſtrength of judgement ceaſed, and age came on, with all its train of childiſh inconſiſtencies, he liſtened to every tale: well-managed repetition fixed a diſlike where moſt he regarded, and, unable to ſee the truth, he yielded, like a blind man, to any one who choſe to guide him. It was unfortunate for the Captain that he was almoſt always abroad, or, perhaps, by his natural goodneſs and aſſiduity, he might have preſerved his father's affection. With reſpect to Mr. Charles Weſton, his irreproach-

proachable conduct, and the frequent opportunities he had of ſhowing himſelf to advantage, enſured him ſucceſs. This gentleman boaſted an untainted character (a moſt ſuſpicious one for a man of ſenſe to judge of); every action appeared as guided by prudence, though the meaneſt ſelf-intereſt was the *primum mobile*. He made many and frequent obſervations on his brother's folly, but with a delicacy that concealed the motive—"He wiſhed he could perſuade him to act more for his own intereſt; but he was certain he would never think of ſaving money while he had it in his power to ſpend it." Miſs Dorothea, gentle as a lamb, uſually introduced a bleſſing, which was immediately ſucceeded by the moſt ungenerous defamation, and ſhe concluded theſe harangues with a diſſimulation hardly known

known to a devil: "Well, God forgive him!" ſummed up her evidence.

It would tire the reader's patience to deſcribe the courſe of ſucceſsful lectures which were given the old gentleman, who ſometimes anſwered them with—"My poor boy!" and at other moments broke out in a violent paſſion at the conduct of his ſon.

Captain Weſton, who loved his father with all the ſincerity and truth that belongs to the generous mind, cared very little when he heard he was bequeathed ſo ſmall a ſum, out of one of the moſt extenſive fortunes in the county; his undiſſembled ſorrow permitted no ſuch mean reflection to enter; but when he ſaw his father's hand to the codicil, he could not help ſaying, he was ſure his father's heart never could lead him to make ſuch a ſignature; he, however,

ever, ſuppreſſed his emotion, and affection effaced the remembrance of the wrong.

Miſs Dorothea now found herſelf poſſeſſed of twenty thouſand pounds, and Mr. Charles Weſton of the eſtate, which was about fifteen thouſand a year. As ſoon as the Captain had ſettled his affairs, he left Northampton; and with a free generous diſpoſition, that ſcarce knew the name of prudence, or admitted a ſingle idea of ſelf-intereſt, ſet out doing good to every creature round him; and, perhaps, by theſe means doing himſelf an injury every moment; which, in the end, proved to be the caſe, for in a few years he was much involved. We do not mean to defend ſuch thoughtleſſneſs and extravagance; on the contrary, we recommend it to the gay reader to remember, that though he

he may now be running the career of elegant folly and vicious diſſipation, the period muſt ſoon come, when all his pleaſures will cloſe at once (for ruin is always ſudden) and nothing remain but endleſs remorſe and unavailing regret. But, on the other hand, to the ſordid avaricious man, who may read this hiſtory, I ſhall juſt make one obſervation,—"However extravagant, however fooliſh this young man has been, let us not ungenerouſly ſtab at the breaſt of repentance——he neither injured you nor me."

But to return to our ſtory:—So far was Captain Weſton from being ſenſible of his ſituation, that he continued to indulge every deſign his heart approved, however contrary to reaſon; and thus was led, perhaps imprudently, to marry the ſiſter of a brother officer,

a young

a young lady of merit, and of good family, but without any fortune; ſhe was indeed a woman of beauty, poſſeſſed of every accompliſhment, and in all reſpects formed to make a man happy: ſhe was a mild, gentle, placid being, in whoſe mind the ſub-acid had no ſhare, and in whoſe dove-like breaſt envy or malice never found a place. A few months after his marriage Captain Weſton ſet off to Northampton, forgetting every former diſagreement, and all the injuries that had been done him, to introduce his amiable wife to his brother's family. She was received, but it was with ſuch a coolneſs as ſtruck deep to the heart of Mr. Weſton; he loved her to exceſs, and very juſtly reſented ſuch undeſerved neglect. Partial, however, to the ſpot which had given him birth, he took a houſe

juſt

juſt by his brother's, where he lived on his half-pay, and kept a ſmall farm, which gradually ruined him; from his little knowledge of the buſineſs, and the want of neceſſary ſupplies, he ran in debt, his ſubſtance waſted, and his ſituation grew every day worſe—but hope and ſpeculation continued to the laſt moment. He was now, with the moſt honeſt heart in the world, oppreſſed by his cruel creditors, ſhunned by his friends, deſerted by his acquaintance, and ſuſpected by every one; his brother viewed his difficulties with all the coolneſs of a man of the world: he ſeldom or never mentioned him; and if he did, it was only to reflect on his conduct: to theſe diſſertations he always annexed a proverb, "Ay, as we make our beds ſo we muſt lie," or added his favourite conſolation, "Well,

"Well, he has nobody to blame but himſelf." It is remarkable that, however plain the ſteps we take towards ruin may appear to others, they are always imperceptible to ourſelves; if the path is but ſtrewed with flowers, we are ſatisfied for the moment; though the chaſm is at hand into which we muſt neceſſarily fall, we imagine to the laſt we ſhall be able to turn back, and make new reſolutions, till our ſituation puts it out of our power to enforce them. I have enlarged on this ſubject, that if, by chance, an inconſiderate reader may touch upon this part, he may ſee his own ſituation painted: and this true obſervation, this ſelf-evident maxim, is at his ſervice;—that he may depend on it, it is never too late to turn back, though the ſooner we do it the better; for as every ſtep we made in the

the road of folly brought us nearer to the danger, ſo every ſtep in a contrary direction muſt take us farther from it: thus it is, that ſometimes, when checked by a diſappointment, or the bad conſequences of vice, we are for a moment reaſonable, till a new pleaſure attracts our attention, and allures us to the old and beaten road again.

But the moſt dangerous obſtacles we can ever have to encounter in our attempts to recover our former peace of mind and reſpectability in life, are the excuſes we ſo readily find for any little trifling pleaſure we wiſh to indulge in, and which may really, in itſelf, be harmleſs enough, but is imperceptibly linked with follies that will alſo ſoon be excuſed, till at laſt we give ourſelves no longer the trouble to apologize to either ſenſe or vir-

tue. It was, however, different with Mr. Weſton; his education and natural good ſenſe now placed before him domeſtic happineſs in ſo true, ſo pleaſing a light, that he readily reſigned for it all his former follies and extravagancies, and ſoon found he benefited by the exchange. The arrangements he made for the happineſs of his Sophia did him infinite honour, and his whole ſtudy was to recompenſe a tenderneſs and goodneſs of heart he had too long neglected. The vacant reader, whoſe only pleaſure is laughing, may perhaps by this time have laid down my book with diſguſt, or have ſent it home to the circulating library from whence he had it, at the ſame time pronouncing it a "dull, ſentimental thing;" and indeed I wiſh him to do ſo, for I will not ſacrifice the

the moral of my tale, or one ſingle ſerious truth or poſition that comes in my way, to favour a natural riſibility of muſcles that may be ſet in motion by any nonſenſe. However, to the gay, cheerful, yet ſenſible reader, who can either liſten to reaſon, or laugh at humour, I ſhall make this promiſe, that the ſmiling goddeſs will in a future page renew her endeavours, and mark it with her mirth-inſpiring pen.

CHAP. III.

Containing a diſſertation on the pleaſure and utility of a Country life. A picture of a Cottage; with the characters of a good Parſon and a bad one.

REASONABLE pleaſures are the ſource of every thing that is agreeable and happy; thoſe of the country are above all others the moſt conducive to health of body and peace of mind; the morning repaſt, the evening walk, and the convivial meeting, where every gueſt ſmiles in peace and ſafety, are real and ſatisfactory amuſements; here the converſation naturally turns toward love and pleaſantry, and innocent mirth ever

ever cloſes the banquet; for it is not by the rude paſtimes of the clown, or by the ſtill ruder and more unpoliſhed manners of the fox-hunter, that we are to judge of the country: it is by the happineſs a well-informed mind experiences, which retires from a whirl of noiſe and diſtraction "to taſte the pleaſure of a rural life," to enjoy the ſports of the country, and indulge the poetic Muſe uninterrupted by the cares of buſineſs, undiſturbed by uſeleſs politics, and unmoleſted by unneceſſary fears. The human mind here exerts without an obſtacle the functions marked out by the Creator, and becomes almoſt conſtitutionally good; while the pleaſures of the town lead us to forget the gratitude we owe to Heaven, the philanthropy due to men, and the regard we ought to pay to ourſelves; every

ſtep is in the path of inconſiſtent folly and vice; many purſuits which are not actually bad, are at beſt uſeleſs; there are moments when the mind ſeeks to divert itſelf from the languor it feels, or from ſome melancholy thought, and for this purpoſe naturally applies to ſome amuſement, perhaps innocent enough in itſelf; the remedy is ſo palatable, that we forget it is only a medicine, and drink too deep the luſcious draught: we now wiſh for greater pleaſures, and perhaps leave the playhouſe with paſſions raiſed, a great flow of ſpirits and gayneſs of heart, to viſit ſome ready-ſmiling beauty, who embraces her victim with the moſt ſtudied arts of venal proſtitution.

The drunken man wakes only to feel a ſickneſs, the effects of his debauch, and curſes the folly of the night.

night. The rake recovers from his dream; with equal pain and deſpondency he views with horror the lovely partner he had choſen, who now preſſes him for the hire of her charms, which, perhaps, ſhe has already furtively ſecured; he does not part from her with a tender kiſs, and promiſe to return, but retires with diſguſt and deteſtation. Thus ends a ſcene that looks as much like love as the painted face of the courtezan reſembles the pure healthy cheek of innocence. I beg pardon of my reader for this digreſſion into which I have been led, perhaps, to wander too long.

In contradiction to the aſſertions of thoſe people who deny the ſuperior happineſs of a country life, and who may, perhaps, ſpeak from experience, I ſhall only beg, by way of concluſion, to tell them, that I really do

not think them capable of being happy any where: poor Mr. Weſton, however, found little encouragement to perſiſt in the change he had made, except from his Sophia; this amiable woman put on more pleaſantry and good humour every new difficulty he had to encounter; it was very ſeldom, indeed, that this happy couple permitted their pleaſures to be leſſened; the Captain's pay was a certainty that made him independent of his brother, and he ſcarce ever looked forward towards difficulties which he thought at any diſtance; all his happineſs was in the company of his Sophia, and in frequently indulging the reflection, that, however unhappy he was in other reſpects, he poſſeſſed in her the greateſt bleſſing on earth—they loved each other, were gay in hopes, and, full of gratitude, truſted

their

their fortune in the hands of Heaven. Their little houſe, a cottage in appearance, was known all round the country, as well for its beauty as for the hiſtory of thoſe who occupied it. As I have myſelf ſeen it, I ſhall endeavour to preſent it to the reader's imagination in the plain language of the country, untortured by purling ſtreams, meandering groves, ſighing cuckows, and dying doves.

It was ſituated in a pleaſant cloſe, the only entrance to which was a bridle gate, that terminated a brook, which ſpread itſelf irregularly round the incloſure, a field of wheat extended a great way on the right, and on the left, juſt over the gate, appeared a ſtack of hay, ſurrounded by a fence; a little farther on, near the houſe, was the ſtable, long occupied by Scrawler, the Captain's bay mare,

and Moonſhine, Sophia's poney; a brace of pointers lay ſtretched on the ſtraw at the door, accompanied by an old greyhound, who might, as Phædrus elegantly deſcribes, have ſaid, *Animus non deſtituit me, ſed meæ vires.*—The cottage was built with a brown ſtone which that county affords; the front covered with ivy, and the roof neatly thatched; the outſide ſhewed the ſimple architecture of the ruſtic, while within was diſplayed the elegant taſte of the owner; the ſummer-room was adorned with pictures, the furniture was all white, excepting a narrow edge of green that circumſcribed the tables and chairs; this apartment contained a piano-forte, upon which Sophia often played, and a neat library, over which ſtood a buſt of Horace; the winter-room was very differently furniſhed, a fine Turkey

key carpet covered the floor entirely, the chairs and curtains, which were all crimſon, ſeemed to ſpread a comfortable warmth round the room: of the bedchambers I ſhall ſay nothing, except that they were on the ſame plan, and the tapeſtry the work of Sophia's hand; in ſhort, this little cottage was the admiration of the whole county, ſo much had Captain Weſton ſtudied to unite elegance and convenience.

In this retreat our happy couple, ſhunned by the great, were ſometimes ſeen in their little parlour drinking tea, ſometimes walking of an evening along the lawn, or throwing their rods in an adjoining ſtream; on a Sunday they were conſtantly in their little ſide pew, unnoticed by their proud neighbours and their dependents. Baſe and mean the minds

that can thus be governed, and deſpicable the wretch who, becauſe he is walking with the great, ſhuns an old friend, once perhaps infinitely his ſuperior: yet ſo it is, the generality of the world fear to notice thoſe who are neglected by their rich acquaintance, inſtead of aſſerting their own independence by chuſing an honeſt man for a friend and companion.—A very different motive made the good curate (Mr. Bowden) whenever he paſſed the door, and it would have been an excuſe in him if he had not done it, call and aſk them how they did, bow to them in the aiſle, and take poor Sophia's hand at the church-door; and perhaps this it was that kept this good clergyman from the livings annexed to the eſtates of Mr. Charles Weſton, which were given to the Rev. Mr. Vacuum, a man who held

held ſeveral good ones before. Mr. Bowden was ſeldom ſeen at the tables of the great; he was only known for reading prayers, for chriſtening the children of the poor, for uniting the happy cottagers, and for his attention to every part of his duty; Mr. Vacuum, on the contrary, poſſeſſed many advantages over the poor curate; he was a keen ſportſman, a great qualification in this county, rode a fine hunter, kept good hounds, could play at whiſt, and knew how *pour parler cuiſine:* it may eaſily be ſuppoſed theſe attainments ſoon eclipſed the honeſt endeavours of poor Mr. Bowden, who could neither hunt nor game, nor cared about any thing but the good of his pariſhioners. Mr. Vacuum was, beſides, a great friend of the biſhop's, was always at Mr. Weſton's table, and a particular favourite

of

of Miſs Dorothea's; he would never ſo far offend the family, as to notice their poor relations, and would ſometimes paſs them with a hauteur that made the Captain naturally enough curſe his fooliſh pride, and in the ſame breath bleſs the good curate: there was another gentleman, who reſided near the village, who dared alſo to be an exception to the ungenerous rules of diſtance, this was Commodore ———, a man of rank and fortune, who had formerly commanded a ſquadron abroad, where he had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in ſeveral actions with the enemy, and poſſeſſed a heart ſtrong in all the generous freedom of the profeſſion; his blunt humour and honeſt freedom made him a welcome viſitor every where, except in the Weſton family, where his rough remonſtrances had occaſioned a diſtance;

tance; for, ſpeaking of Sophia, he would ſometimes ſay to Mr. Weſton, "What the devil! while you are ſli-"ding along a ſmooth ſea of ſucceſs, "will you allow that good little crea-"ture to ſtem a tide of difficulties; "for ſhame, take her in tow." Theſe elegant tropes and metaphors ſeldom had any effect on Mr. Weſton, who uſually anſwered them with, "Sir, "we have all of us our reaſons;" to which the Commodore had this or ſome ſuch reply, "Yes, dam'me, and "ſome we ought to be aſhamed of." No doubt this gentleman's heart at the moment applauded his reſolution; and theſe converſations were always followed by ſome act of kindneſs to poor Sophia or the Captain; he would indeed frequently take them out with him, and purpoſely drive his chariot by the door of Weſton Hall, with a gene-

generous exultation that never ſuſpected theſe circumſtances would be remembered when his aſſiſtance might fail them; this unfortunate moment ſoon after arrived, for the Commodore was ordered to a foreign ſtation, and after making Sophia many valuable preſents, and ſecretly ſettling many of Mr. Weſton's debts, left Northampton with the good wiſhes of almoſt every one who knew him, and parted with his eſtate to Mrs. Carey Jenkins, a lady of prodigious fortune, whoſe firſt ſtep was to raiſe the rents of the tenants, and to oppreſs them as much as poſſible.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Illneſs and Death of Capt. Weſton; *a deſcription of a Funeral, with ſome ſpecimens of modern Conſolation, and a digreſſion, in which the Character of Mr.* Weſton *is drawn.*

NOBODY could more ſincerely lament the departure of the Commodore than Capt. Weſton. He was left in a ſituation little deſirable, for without a friend the mind ſickens at life, and pines for the pleaſures it once enjoyed. When Mr. Thomas Weſton fell ill, the poor curate was the only companion Sophia had; he was conſtantly endeavouring to divert the Captain's mind from the agonizing thought of his dear Sophia's ſitu-

ſituation, his brother's cruelty, and the ſtate of his affairs: indeed it was owing to this gentleman that he laid his head down in peace, and mildly ſpake theſe words, "My dear So-"phia, I leave you to the protection "of a real friend, the Father of hea-"ven, the Father of the unfortu-"nate; farewel, my dear girl—God "bleſs you;" and concluded with begging Mr. Bowden to take care of her.

Mr. Weſton, during his brother's illneſs paid him but few attentions, was almoſt always indiſpoſed, or engaged in buſineſs, when ſent for by Sophia, and ſcarce ever ſent a ſervant to make inquiries; nor was this torpidity removed from his breaſt, till the morning of his brother's death, when he was heard to ſay to Sophia, who burſt into tears on his arrival,

"Come,

"Come, don't give way to grief, he "ſhall be buried decently," and added in a low voice, "You had better "come to my houſe;" to this the good lady more readily conſented, as Mr. Thomas Weſton had ſaid, when he found himſelf near his end, "My "dear, if when I am gone my bro-"ther, from a recollection of the "paſt, ſhould ſeem inclined to make "you any offers of kindneſs, do not "reject them; it is ſhutting out the "means of reconciliation; and tell "him, that this is my laſt and moſt "ardent wiſh."

In his intervals of eaſe he would ſometimes ſay, "Why don't my bro-"ther come to ſee me? why don't "he come?—but perhaps he has bu-"ſineſs." Thus did he endeavour to excuſe a cruelty and neglect that nearly broke his heart. Mrs. Weſton, whoſe

whoſe amiable diſpoſition made every one elſe happy, now found herſelf the effects of that mild temper and reſignation that reigned in her boſom, ſhe expreſſed none of that outrageous paſſion ſo common on theſe occaſions, but retired into a ſilent melancholy that demonſtrated her regard to be real; ſhe ſighed moſt in ſecret, and might ſay with Hamlet,

——I have that within which paſſeth ſhow,
Theſe but the trappings and the ſuits of woe.

SHAKESP.

Mr. Bowden attended the funeral of his friend, and performed thoſe ſolemn rites with his uſual plainneſs and decency, and ſhed a tear as he reſigned into the hands of Heaven the man he moſt eſteemed on earth. Mr. Weſton and Miſs Dorothea attended alſo, and behaved with all due pro-

propriety; at laſt the awful ſilence which enſued after the interment, was broke through by Mr. Bowden, who now ventured to comfort Sophia by ſaying to her, "My dear "Madam, I regret as much as any "body the loſs of my friend, and "I feel for you; were you my own "child, I could not feel more; I "ſhall not tell you to oppoſe a grief "that is both beautiful and natural, "and that it is impoſſible for a good "mind to ſuppreſs; be, however, ſe-"rene and calm, you have an inno-"cence of heart that is the peculiar "care of the Almighty—He looks "round the world with an eye of "goodneſs for the unfortunate, for "ſuch as you, and never fails to leſ-"ſen, or to give them ſtrength to "bear their misfortunes." To which Sophia replied, wiping the tears from her

her eyes, "Indeed, I am as much as "poſſible reſigned, I only beg of you "to viſit me often; you will, I am "ſure, be my friend."—"All the "world" (cried Mr. Bowden) "muſt "—ſhall be your friends; and I need "not recommend it as a duty to you, "Sir," (addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Weſton) "for no doubt this melan-"choly moment makes ſufficient in-"tereſt in your heart to protect a "deſerted ſiſter." Mr. Weſton in return bowed and anſwered, "Sir." After this the good curate took his leave, and left them to go home in the coach. Mr. Weſton, as ſoon as he had ſeated himſelf, gradually went into a doſe, and Miſs Dorothea, who had held during the whole time a white cambric handkerchief in her hand, began a long lecture to poor Sophia; "Come, now don't give way

" to ſorrow; Lord, I can't bear to " ſee you ſo; you make me quite— " come, you don't know, it may be " all for the better."—" Pray, Ma- " dam," anſwered Sophia, " do not " oppreſs me with ſuch cruel re- " flections."—" Oppreſs, ay, that is " always the way you treat your " friends; an't I doing all I can to " comfort you? I am ſure nobody " can feel more than myſelf at any " body's death." Had Mr. Weſton been awake, it is moſt likely he would not have ſpoke a word on the ſubject; he never attempted to comfort any one, and was always perfectly compoſed in ſcenes of diſtreſs.

The reader may by this time have perceived, that this gentleman poſſeſſed two of the pleaſing traits of a good heart; indeed he was ſo unimpaſſioned, ſo inanimate a being, as almoſt

almoſt excited pity inſtead of indignation; he had ſcarce any idea but of that which he called the main chance; ſeveral old adages formed the invariable rules of his conduct through life; among theſe were, "A "penny ſaved is a penny got—Out "of debt of danger—I lent my mo-"ney to my friend; I loſt my money "and my friend—Having the world "in a ſtring"—and ſeveral others. He ſcarce ever ſmiled, and if he did, it was at hearing the follies and imprudences of people who were (as he elegantly obſerved) out-running the conſtable—going hand over head, &c.—This inſenſibility had not, however, prevented his running a riſk in marrying; indeed intereſt led him to this ſtep, and then his lady was a woman very well formed to pleaſe him; that is, ſhe could not well diſ-

pleaſe

pleaſed, which he always obſerved was a great bleſſing; and ſhe died in a little time, which, perhaps, was a ſtill greater, having left him a ſon, who was ſent into Yorkſhire for his education.

Mr. Weſton's fortune was a very large one, part of it being left at his father's death, and the reſt acquired on 'Change, where he was, in the former part of his life, a well-known character.

He was a tall, thin man, and wore a ſcratch wig, which came very far over his forehead, having only two ſmall rows of curls behind. He would never permit a grain of powder to come near it, which, he ſaid, was the firſt ſymptom of ruin. His eyes were large and black; his cheek-bones high, and his features received a kind of turn to the left, which, with

a droop of the lip, formed what phyſiognomiſts might call a ſour aſpect. He always wore black; very ſmall gold buckles, and thick-ſoled ſhoes. He rode a tall horſe, that trotted near ſixteen miles an hour, which rough exerciſe was the only pleaſure he really enjoyed. There was not a volume of any kind in the houſe, except the Intereſt Tables; for his œconomy had never permitted him to buy what he had neither taſte to read nor judgement to underſtand.

The reader might ſometime ſince have ſeen this extraordinary character at Batſon's Coffee-houſe, where he uſed to come to inquire the ſtate of the Funds, or go to the bar to know what foreign mails were arrived.

Mr. Thomas Weſton was at this period of his brother's life abroad, and when he returned, found he had left

left off buſineſs, and retired to the country; where, out of a ſincere affection, he followed him, with a deſign to unite the families by introducing Sophia.

In this intention, the reader is informed how much he was diſappointed. But, to return to our hiſtory—Mrs. Weſton endeavoured now to make herſelf as agreeable as poſſible in the family; which was not very eaſy, as Miſs Dorothea's unequal diſpoſition was worſe than her brother's torpidity. She roſe ſome mornings with a ſweetneſs of diſpoſition that charmed every one, and waked the next day with the moſt determined reſolution to quarrel, which the minute ſhe came down ſhe put in force; firſt beginning with the ſervants, then ſneering at Sophia, and at laſt attacking her bro-

ther. However, the mortifying way he had of paying no kind of attention to her ſoon made her deſiſt. But theſe changes in her diſpoſition were not ſo much her own fault as the reader may at firſt imagine, and were only the reſult of certain pleaſing or unpleaſing reflections that found the way to her pillow. This good lady was, notwithſtanding the little unevenneſſes of her temper, extremely uſeful to her brother; and it was a maxim of Mr. Weſton's, that there ſhould be always ſomebody in a houſe to quarrel with the ſervants. Poor Sophia in any family diſpute, though always neuter, ſuffered moſt, and trembled at the violence of Miſs Dorothea, who always appealed to her with a certainty of approbation, for ſhe did not dare to contradict her.

Mr.

Mr. Weſton, when he ſaw things ſo much againſt him, uſed to comfort himſelf by obſerving, "Aye, the "women will have their own way."

Poor Sophia was always happy when Mr. Bowden came to divert her thoughts from the hardſhip of her ſituation, by taking her out for a walk, or drinking tea with her when the family were out viſiting. It was in this way time paſſed on, till the entrance of our hero into the world.

The reader will naturally ſuppoſe Mr. Weſton did not like the fuſs, as he called it, in his houſe. He, however, inquired in the morning, whether the child was a boy or a girl, when the old officious nurſe replied, "Lord, your Honour, it is a ſweet "boy; won't your Honour look at "it?" to which he anſwered peeviſhly, "No, no."

Miſs Dorothea, at breakfaſt, however, launched out ſo violently in praiſe of the little cherub, the dear little angel, &c. (for ſhe always uſed ſuch ſoft language) that Mr. Weſton told her, ſarcaſtically, "Well, ſiſter, "it is your turn next," which irony effectually ſilenced her.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Death of Mrs. Weſton, with ſeveral uſeful leſſons to young minds, juſt beginning to form future hopes and expectations.

WE ſhall now paſs over a part of Tom's life, which muſt neceſſarily be filled with little elſe than childiſh incidents, and which we ſhall loſe nothing by eſcaping, that we may the ſooner arrive at that period when the riſing character begins to appear in every action and diſplay the heart.

Mr. Bowden had made Sophia promiſe, from the day of Tom's birth, that he ſhould have the care of his education, a truſt of which no man was more capable, as he was an excellent

claſſic ſcholar, and a man of the ſtricteſt morality. To this Sophia agreed very willingly, and reſigned her child, with perfect confidence, to the good curate, who took great pleaſure in this occupation; for which he had no other recompence, than the quick advances his pupil made in learning.

Mrs. Weſton taught him French and muſic herſelf, in both of which ſhe excelled.

Thus our hero, without a fortune, and with few friends, acquired all the neceſſary accompliſhments of a gentleman. His mother loved him to exceſs, and ſaw with pleaſure the progreſs he made; and, eager to complete his education, requeſted Mr. Weſton one day to permit him to learn to dance, who, with his uſual ill temper, made her this anſwer: "Madam, I think he learns what is

"neceſ-

" neceſſary in life, I ſuppoſe you do
" not expect him to be a gentleman—
" Humphrey ſhall never learn to ca-
" per away my fortune."

Indeed this young gentleman had learnt nothing in Yorkſhire, where he had been placed at one of thoſe cheap advertiſing ſeminaries ſo peculiar to that county, and was thence removed to enlarge his ideas in a banking-houſe at Briſtol, agreeable to the wiſhes and future hopes of his father.

Our hero was, however, ſo deſirous to know fencing and dancing, and made ſuch frequent and well-timed applications, that Miſs Dorothea one day, in a fit of good humour, fered to pay for them both herſelf.

This lady had a high reliſh for amuſement, and always went to the ſchool with him, and attended the maſter's ball; condeſcended ſome-

times to ſtand up in a country dance, and frequently declared, that dancing was the moſt genteel thing in life.

It will be proper to inform the reader who is intereſted in the future fortune of our hero, that he was a boy who poſſeſſed much brilliancy in his compoſition; he was extremely fond of pleaſure, and frequently a truant from Greek and Latin to romp with the girls, or play at cricket. He was, however, bleſt with ſuch a ready thought, and happy memory, as, when he really ſet-to, made ſufficient amends. Beſides, Tom loved his tutor, and always continued good a long time after one fault, till the natural heedleſſneſs of his diſpoſition led him to commit another.

Our hero was about thirteen, when his mother felt the approach of an illneſs,

neſs, which the doctors ſoon pronounced to be a decline. She remained long enough, however, in this ſituation, to imprint, by her converſation, ſuch leſſons of virtue and honour in the breaſt of Tom, as perhaps were never afterwards effaced.

Though it cannot be ſaid that Mr. Weſton behaved ill to his ſiſter during the time ſhe was in his houſe, by ſuch as view things exteriorly, yet thoſe who have ever felt the cruelty of neglect, will ſoon find, that little notice was taken of poor Sophia. Indeed this lady experienced few kindneſſes, except from Capt. Graplin, who, though in a very diſtant part of England, where he had retired after his return from abroad, ſtill correſponded with the wife of the man he eſteemed once as a friend.

Mrs. Weſton, however, induſtriouſly concealed the circumſtances of her ill fortune from this worthy gentleman, as ſhe knew his generoſity would be extended immediately on the leaſt idea of her diſtreſs. Indeed he had ſeveral times written for Tom, to whom he was godfather by proxy, to come to reſide with him in Wales; but Sophia found it too hard a trial to part with her only companion; a plain proof, that the moſt ſenſible people find reaſon at times by no means equal to combat with their feelings.

Tom, though naturally gay and thoughtleſs, loved his mother, and when ſhe was ill gave up at once all his diverſions, and was always with her, reſenting, as much as he could, every little neglect ſhewn to her by Mr. Weſton, or his ſervants.

He

He now began to experience every day leſs favour from his uncle, who indeed began to think it time for him to go into the world, and was always telling him to think of ſome honeſt trade; that he was getting old, and that he had nothing to depend on.

To a ſuperior mind, like Tom's, theſe reflections muſt have been ſevere. He was ſenſible, that his uncle could place him, if he choſe, in a reſpectable line; and though this objection to buſineſs may be conſidered by many as a falſe pride, it is, however, ſuch as is inſeparable from good birth and education.

Mrs. Weſton, who knew the world very well, often interrogated Tom on this ſubject, and took an opportunity one day to expreſs her fears concerning his future proſperity. "Indeed, my "dear," ſaid this good lady, "I wiſh "you

" you would bend your thoughts to-
" ward ſome occupation, ſome em-
" ploy; you ſee what a fortune your
" uncle made on 'Change, and you
" muſt have obſerved that men of
" buſineſs meet more reſpect in this
" world, than men of birth and
" faſhion: theſe only find it in their
" own circle. The man who has
" money is reſpected every where,
" while the ſtar of nobility fades, un-
" leſs ſupported by fortune. There
" is no ſituation ſo irkſome as that of a
" poor gentleman; for though they are
" reſpected by every liberal mind; yet
" liberal minds are ſo few, that they
" always meet with more neglect
" than eſteem. They have, beſides,
" another melancholy reflection to
" make—they cannot, from their
" ſituation, bear the expence of
" keeping company with men of

" for-

"fortune. Thus they are almoſt al-
"ways ſeen alone, or with ſuch as
"are much beneath them. The rich
"tradeſman deſpiſes them, common
"induſtrious people hate them, and
"all the world join in the ridi-
"cule."

Tom would frequently ſigh at theſe obſervations; but, being of a romantic turn, ſuch maxims were ever prevented from taking root. He was reſolutely determined to aim at ſomething greater than the 'compting-houſe; his ideas were not yet contracted, and his young mind, untutored in the world, hated the mean principles Mr. Weſton advanced, and found out, in oppoſition, ſome more generous character in every novel, and indulged himſelf in reading thoſe books, which, though they ſerve to form the heart, and repel the maxims of intereſt,

tereſt, too often ruin our future fortune in life.

Mrs. Weſton now grew worſe and worſe, and the phyſicians permitted any diet ſhe pleaſed; nor could the ſkill of Miſs Dorothea prevail over this cruel diſorder: at laſt, feeling the approach of death, with her uſual coolneſs, ſhe ſent for Mr. Bowden, Miſs Dorothea, Tom, and Mr. Weſton, and after a moment's pauſe addreſſed them thus: "Pray ſit down; "this is, perhaps, the laſt time that "you will ever hear me ſpeak."—Tom burſt into tears, Miſs Dorothea heaved a deep ſigh, Mr. Bowden, who ſat by the bed-ſide, took Sophia's hand and kiſſed it, and Mr. Weſton ſtood ſilent. "My dear Tom," continued ſhe, "I leave you to the care of Mr. "Weſton; he will be generous and "good to you."—Nothing is ſo ſickening

ening to a bad mind, as applauſe which it does not merit. Mr. Weſton coughed, turned his head, and looked (to uſe a vulgar ſaying) as if he was going to be hanged. "And do "you, my dear," continued ſhe, "ſtudy to deſerve his affection; you "will ſoon have to mix in the world; "I am about to leave it; and remem- "ber, as the moſt certain maxim "ever penned for the good of mortals, "that to be reaſonable is to be hap- "py. Our diſappointments muſt, "in proportion, be always leſs, the "fewer hopes we indulge. Aim, "from the beginning, only at having "a little, and with that little do as "much good as poſſible. Do not "give way to high ideas, to ſituations "which it is impoſſible you ſhould "ever reach. The mind thus ex- "tended in its views, can never call

"within

" within bounds again its rapid ima-
" ginations, and is ever afterwards
" comparatively wretched. It is
" only the fixing our ideas on ſome-
" thing more than we poſſeſs, that
" renders us incapable of enjoying
" what we have. Every man who
" ſets out in life, and attains a little
" competency, is happy; to wiſh
" for more is to be unreaſonable. Do
" not fear the want of reſpect; do
" good; truſt your fortune in the
" hands of heaven, learn to re-
" ſpect yourſelf, and you will al-
" ways be recompenſed by finding,
" that the great mind can force
" eſteem, though placed in any ſitua-
" tion."

This good lady, now finding her-ſelf extremely weak, was obliged to ſtop a few minutes, which pauſe was filled up with many reciprocal marks

of

of affection between her and poor Tom, who knelt by the bed-ſide.—She then proceeded:

"Do not, my dear Tom, grieve ſo "much at loſing me; we ſhall meet "ſoon in a more happy world, where "your poor father is recompenſed for "all his troubles, by an indulgent "God, whoſe forgiveneſs is followed "with continued bleſſings. Re-"member, with gratitude, the kind-"neſs of all your friends, particular-"ly your aunt's goodneſs; you are "indebted to her for many of the "accompliſhments you poſſeſs."

She was here interrupted by Miſs Dorothea, who exclaimed, "Oh "dear Ma'am, don't mention that; "Lord have mercy on us!"—"And, "my dear," continued Sophia, "when I am gone, you will find a "ſolace in the converſation of Mr. "Bow-

" Bowden; he loves you, and I " know that you love him: he will " be a conſtant friend in the changes " and viciſſitudes of fortune, and " will receive you at his cottage when " the doors of the rich may be ſhut " againſt you; and, though not able " to relieve your ſituation, he will at " leaſt learn you to bear ſerenely your " misfortunes."

She now expreſſed a wiſh to be left with Mr. Bowden and Miſs Dorothea; and her brother retired; but nothing could prevail on Tom to leave his mother as long as Mr. Bowden would permit him to ſtay.

Poor Mrs. Weſton remained, however, ſome hours longer in this ſituation than they expected; calm and ſerene to the laſt moment; liſtening, with a ſmiling countenance, to Mr. Bowden, who was praying by her; when

when juſt as the ſetting ſun had withdrawn his beams, which played on the window of her little cottage, her hand gently dropped on the bed, a faint adieu breathed from her lips, and her eyes cloſed in peace for ever.

The ſeat of Mr. Weſton, which might now be called the houſe of mourning, was ſoon deſerted: Tom retired to the parſonage-houſe, where he was indulged in lamenting the death of his mother, and permitted in peace to liſten to the means of alleviation, which Mr. Bowden's diſcourſes afforded him.

Mr. Weſton went for a few months into Devonſhire, and Miſs Dorothea ſhut herſelf up, ſaw no company, and retired into all the pomp of grief.

At Mr. Weſton's return he ſet about regulating the affairs Sophia had left in diſorder, and making new

diſ-

diſpoſitions in reſpect to our hero.—Among the reſt it was determined, that he ſhould remain ſome time longer at ſchool, where, indeed, he was no expence.

All the little effects of which Mrs. Weſton was poſſeſſed, and the cottage among the reſt, were ſeized on, as ſome recompence for the many favours which had been beſtowed; ſo that Tom found himſelf at once dependent on the mercy of Mr. Weſton, or of that more friendly power, called Chance.

After ſome time ſpent in real ſorrow, remembrance began to wear fainter, and the ſtrong impreſſion of grief to be effaced in the breaſt of our hero, by a ſucceſſive train of agreeable images, which began to riſe on his imagination. Friendſhip began to be formed in his mind, and more tumul-

tuous paſſions to find their way to his heart.

Beſides Tom Weſton, Mr. Bowden had five or ſix more young gentlemen under his care.

The reader may ſuppoſe our hero's freedom and good-nature led him to aſſociate with his ſchool-fellows, and to form a friendſhip with ſome particular one, whoſe ſentiments were congenial with his own: he had already experienced infidelity, and at that early period found deceit planted ſometimes in the breaſt of thoſe he had moſt eſteemed.

There were, however, two of his ſchool-fellows on whoſe truth and ſincerity he had a perfect reliance: the firſt of them, him I mean who ranked neareſt his heart, was young Rattle, nephew of a man of conſiderable fortune in the county, and

and who would have beſides 4000l. of his own when he came of age. This young gentleman diſcovered, when a child a ſtrong deſire of maintaining natural liberty, that foreboded his future diſpoſition. Diſdaining confinement, he burſt into tears of rage when reſtrained by the leading-ſtrings, ranging uncontrouled to the aſtoniſhment and dread of his nurſes, and was generally loſt two or three times a day. He was, however, ſo good-natured and generous, that he was much beloved at the ſchool.

It is not to be wondered at, that he ſoon diſcovered in Tom his own diſpoſition reflected. A natural ſympathy led them to unite, and they ſoon became inſeparable. They were now conſtantly ſeen together, walking to ſchool leaning on each other's ſhoulders, or with their bats in their hands,

hands croſſing the field where they played, they were acceſſary in every miſchief, and together in every ſcrape; if Tom forgot his taſk, Rattle did ſo too; if Tom played truant, Harry alſo was away; if our hero robbed an orchard, Rattle was ſure to be an accomplice. In ſhort, our young Pylades and Oreſtes gloried in being together in every danger. Their pleaſures, their difficulties, their inclinations, and their diſlikes, being the ſame, the friendſhip they had formed became every day more ſtrongly united. Harry's light, volatile diſpoſition, pleaſed Tom; he admired the readineſs of his wit, and liſtened with delight to his ſtories. A favourite bank was the place where theſe young intimates ſeated themſelves when fatigued, and in which retirement our hero choſe to hear the

wonderful tales Rattle could relate. Indeed, the wit and invention this boy poſſeſſed began to ſpeak already in all the force of imagination; always brilliant, always ſtriking, though not always correct: there were times, however, when Rattle was very ſerious, and at theſe moments he was the beſt companion in the world.

Their converſation uſually turned on friendſhip, and their future proſpects in life; and it was in one of thoſe diſſertations, which was brought on by the meanneſs of Jack Simpſon, a farmer's ſon, that the deceitfulneſs of the world was enlarged on by our young philoſophers.

It appeared that Jack Simpſon had told Goody Trueby, that they had broken her pitcher. Tom began by obſerving, that "he could not have

"thought

"thought Jack would have been ſo "ill-natured." "So!" replied Rattle, "it was Mr. Simpſon told her; "I'll lick him, that I will, the firſt "time I ſee him; and take away the "new top I gave him."—Tom now let him into another ſecret, which was, that Simpſon had often told him he had bought the top of Mrs. Blackman, at the chandler's ſhop; and that Jack told him beſides, that Rattle had ſaid he could not tranſlate a fable in Phædrus.—This Rattle denied, threatening at the ſame time revenge on Jack for ſo falſe an aſſertion. Tom was eaſily convinced of the innocence of his friend, and they both joined in declaring Simpſon to be a deceitful villain, and a miſchief making fellow, or ſome ſuch ſchool epithet.

At laſt, however, their converſation changed to a more agreeable ſubject, their future proſpects in life; when after touching on the different occupations they ſhould like to follow, they mutually agreed, that whenever that period arrived they would be always together, live in the ſame houſe, engage in the ſame pleaſures, and never quarrel like the reſt of the world.

Rattle made a number of calculations how cheap they might live in London, obſerving that they ſhould have the advantage of ſerving each other alternately, and that the ſame purſe ſhould be open to both. They made many more arrangements on this ſubject, and came home, filled with theſe agreeable reflections, to ſupper.

It is a pity that the early ſtrength of friendſhip ſhould relax as we grow up, that our mutual regards ſhould be forgot, and that intereſt ſhould reverſe the moſt pleaſing decrees of Nature. Rattle was naturally extravagant, and was almoſt always without money, in which, however, he was liberally ſupplied by Tom. He had an uncle, too, who ſometimes came and left him half-a-guinea; the moment he received the looked-for treaſure, which had been promiſed to twenty little creditors, he always ſought out Tom, and loaded him apples, gingerbread, and cherries, and ſummoned the whole ſchool to partake of the treat; never offering to pay a ſingle halfpenny of the money he owed.

Tom had another friend, the ſon of a trader who had made a fortune

in buſineſs. He had the character of being a downright, honeſt boy; he was naturally of a dull, heavy diſpoſition, but poſſeſſed a diſagreeable ſarcaſtic humour which he indulged on every occaſion. The ſtrict regard he had for truth, and the apparent openneſs of his mind, eaſily procured him a place in Tom's eſteem.

The gravity of this little gentleman was an excellent counterpoiſe to the volatility of Rattle; theſe two were determined enemies, and Bill Soapy never failed to check any thing agreeable or witty that Rattle advanced; the auſterity of the one paſſed for wiſdom, while the other was thought a downright fool, becauſe he ſeldom confined himſelf to the ſhackles of Common Senſe. Thoſe, however, who judge well would have found innumerable brilliancies

liancies ſpringing up amidſt the weeds of inconſiſtency. Bill was always prepared with the dry humour I have mentioned above; while Rattle, unleſs in a flow of ſpirits, was incapable of retorting the keen raillery of his opponent.

Rattle had frequently begged of Tom to drop all acquaintance with his friend; which he could not be brought to do, as Rattle had firſt brought them together: beſides, he eſteemed an apparent openneſs of heart, of which Harry was not ſenſible; and conſtantly endeavoured, by enlarging on the integrity of Bill, to make them friends again. But this was impoſſible: the different turns of their diſpoſitions could never be woven together. Tom, indeed, ſuſpected ſometimes that Bill was a cloſe, narrow-minded boy; but he

would not indulge any ungenerous doubts againſt his friends, and reſerved with pleaſure thoſe ſuſpicions that only tended, perhaps, to injure them unjuſtly.—Beſides, Bill was ſoon after ſent to London, and became clerk in the compting-houſe of his father, who was eſteemed a worthy and induſtrious man.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

In which, for the ſatisfaction of the Young Ladies who peruſe this work, a ſcene of Gallantry is introduced, in which Tom will appear in a very advantageous light.

TOM had now nearly attained the age of ſixteen, at which time he was a very handſome youth, and the admiration of all the old women in the place, who uſed to declare him, in their expreſſive language, an "exceeding fine boy;" and bleſs him with the uſual hope that he would make a good man.

Whether theſe aged damſels, the umpires in ſuch affairs, had ſpoken too warmly of the beauty of our hero, or whether the girls found out of themſelves

ſelves ſomething extremely pleaſing in his fine eyes, hair, &c. I will not pretend to ſay; but ſo it was, that the ſeveral Miſſes in the village began to look extremely favorable on Tom.

Amongſt the reſt was Miſs Harriet Wilkinſon, an Attorney's daughter, who was the beauty of Northampton. She was a genteel, well-made girl, with beautifully expreſſive eyes, and fine brown hair, that hung in ringlets down her ſhoulders; her hands were of the fineſt form, and of a white ſurpaſſing the pureſt ſnow; ſhe was of a ſoft engaging temper, and by nature filled with that kind of ſenſibility, which is eaſily kindled into the paſſion of love; her eyes, full of tenderneſs and expreſſion, began to ſhew already that they poſſeſſed all the powers of faſcination.

Tom,

Tom, a heedleſs, unthinking boy, permitted this fair nymph to ſigh a long time in ſecret; and, though ſhe had choſen him for a partner on her birth-night, a celebration at which ſhe invited her own viſitors, though ſhe had given him a walnut purſe of her own making, and though ſhe forfeited at Queſtions and Commands, on purpoſe that he might kiſs her; yet ſo dull, ſo ſtupid was Tom for ſome time, that he knew nothing of theſe circumſtances in his favour; till one day, as he was playing with her near her own door, a miſchievous cur that aſſailed every one who paſſed by ſeized hold of Tom; the young lady firſt ſcreamed out, and then burſt into tears; while the animal, whoſe intention was more to make a noiſe than to bite, had let go of Tom's coat, leaving our hero diſengaged,

who ran immediately to Harriet, aſſuring her he was not hurt, in language ſomething like the following: "I "am not hurt, not I; come, don't be "ſuch a fool." I don't know whether our young gentleman might not give her a rude kiſs for her kindneſs; but I leave that to the reader to imagine, as the matter is not aſcertained; yet I believe he began now to think that Miſs Harriet liked him better than either Harry Rattle or Bill Soapy, who were his rivals.

His doubts upon this ſubject were, however, ſoon removed; for Sally Williams, a confidant of Harriet's, called Tom one day from cricket, to tell him a ſecret, which, by her laughing, Tom concluded muſt be about Harriet. They walked a little way, and then ſhe ſhewed him a letter ſent by Harriet to her, begging him

him at the ſame time not to mention it. Although the reader may not think this epiſtle worthy of being preſerved, yet to ſhew how naturally young people ſet off in love; and further, for the example and ſatisfaction of thoſe young ladies who may, in inditing to their lovers, confidants, &c. wiſh to take a hint, I ſhall inſert it *verbatim*.

"MY DEAR SALLY,

"PRAY come to tea with me this "evening. I have a great deal to tell "you. Can't you bring young Rat- "tle? If you can, I know my dear "Tom will come with him; and you "know I love him better than any "body in the world. Oh dear! I "am very dull: pray be ſoon with "me, and raiſe the ſpirits of

"Your dear friend and ſiſter,

"HARRIET WILKINSON."

The

The reader who has ſtudied human nature will ſoon find that ſuch eaſy, artleſs, and ingenuous language is to be found only in the *billet doux* of fifteen, and not in ſuch as are formed afterwards on deep duplicity and vicious paſſion.

It would have been to the eternal diſgrace of our hero, and indeed the ruin of my hiſtory, if ſome words in this letter had not produced their proper effect on Tom's mind. It was at this moment that love, blended with gratitude, poured at once like a torrent on his heart, and he kiſſed the letter with a tranſport he had never before experienced, returning it to Sally, with a promiſe never to mention what he had ſeen.

The early genius of girls for intrigue is every where evinced. Tom need not have been afraid of diſcovering

vering to Harriet what he thought a ſecret action of his friend, Sally Williams; the matter had been ſettled the preceding evening at tea, which was now performed with ſo much addreſs by the ingenious confidant.

The proud, happy, elated boy returned to cricket, and now found he loſt every game. Rattle declared he never knew him play ſo bad. Our hero's wandering imagination left the wicket open every time, ſo that he was conſtantly bowled out, and, tired with his ill ſucceſs, ſoon left off play, and retired to contemplate on his good fortune. Sally Williams had ſet the miſchief in train, and the ſucceſs of her experiment was rapid.

Our hero came at the hour appointed to tea, when the bluſhes of his Harriet diſcovered the whole truth. He kiſſed her as ſoon as he had

had an opportunity, and now found a ſweetneſs on her lips which indifference certainly never occaſioned. Dancing was propoſed, and Sally Williams offered herſelf to Tom Weſton. The artful little huſſey planned this *contre-tems* as well to vex Rattle, as to teaze, or rather oblige, her friend; for ſhe affected to reſign her pretenſions, by obſerving, that ſhe knew Harriet muſt have Tom for a a partner; but declared at the ſame time that ſhe would not dance with Rattle. He, however, knew ſhe would; and, taking her round the waiſt, ſoon convinced her, that tho' he bowed to her ſovereignty, yet ſhe alſo in ſecret yielded to his. Thus Tom and his friend were both involved in a harmleſs intrigue, that ſoftened the rudeneſs of their manners, governed the violence of their diſpo-

diſpoſitions, and led them to reſpect the ſex.

A year and a half had elapſed in ſuch tender engagements and appointments, when a change took place in our hero's mind, that ſet aſide the ſyſtem ſo induſtriouſly formed by Sally.

Whether Tom's heart was not plunged entirely in love, or whether it was at firſt only half immerſed, which may not be ſo dangerous a dilemma as when we are over head and ears, (from which ſituation, I ſuppoſe, this inference may be drawn, that we can never get out again) I cannot directly aſſert; but ſo it was, that the god of changes began now to turn the affections of our inconſtant youth a thouſand different ways: he courted Sally; talked to Lucy; played with Bella; danced with Polly; and

and kiſſed them all. Poor Harriet ſoon perceived this neglect; but ſo deep was this poor girl in love, that for a time eſteem and reſentment played alternately in her breaſt. One moment ſhe affected to be offended, and the next forgave him every thing; accuſing, and renouncing her accuſations, in the ſame inſtant. Such bad play in the game of intrigue ſoon loſt her new lover. Rattle alſo followed the ſteps of his friend. But Sally ſoon conſoled herſelf with her loſs, and Charles Wingfield, a neighbour's ſon, ſoon ſupplied his place; but poor Harriet's delicacy, ſoftneſs, and good nature, made her ſuffer a great deal. She pined with grief at the cruelty of Tom, her lover; and ſighed unnoticed at the change ſhe found. In the tender breaſt, once wounded, melancholy finds a pain ever

ever afterwards; though at times removed by occupation or amuſement.

Rattle ſoon after this affair went to London to be placed in the army; and an accident happened which ſet aſide at once the few hopes poor Harriet yet entertained of redeeming her lover.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

In which Tom is made acquainted with more of the world than at any former period of his life. A ſcene of dire diſtreſs in which he is involved; with a pleaſing incident that follows, as a kind of ſolace to grief and diſappointment.

IT has been mentioned before, that our hero ſtill continued under the care of Mr. Bowden, with whom he ſpent his time with very little expence to his uncle, who ſeemed, from the very little notice he took of poor Tom, entirely to have forgot he had ſuch a relation in the world. His own boy had now obtained leave to viſit Weſton Hall, and was the admiration

miration of Miſs Dorothea, and the boaſt of Mr. Vacuum, who declared him to be a youth of the ſoundeſt judgement and ſtrongeſt capacity. Mr. Weſton, however, did not ſeem ſo much wrapt up in this prodigy; all he wanted was, that he might be able to fill the ſituation he had in view.

Of this young gentleman I ſhall ſay little, except that he inherited the dulneſs and ſtupidity of his father, without his attention and keenneſs for buſineſs; was fond of every coarſe amuſement, and renowned only at cudgelling, boxing, all-fours, put, and cribbage.

Sometime farther elapſed before any change happened in the ſituation of our hero; when one day, as he was playing in the field with his ſchool-fellows, he was ſent for by Mr.

Mr. Weſton, whom, on his entrance, he found reading a paper he held in his hand. He told Tom to ſit down, and after two or three hems began:

"I have juſt been ſettling your "mother's affairs. I need not ob- "ſerve to you, that they were in a "bad ſtate. She, like all the reſt of "my family, had learnt to out-live "her income. I have been at great "expences: let me ſee—here is ten "pounds the burial; the undertaker "was with me juſt now—the doc- "tor's bill is twenty-three pounds; "I have that to pay too, beſides ſe- "veral others which I have already "ſettled. You ſee how hard it is for "me to take care of all my relations: "but it is my rule, always to conſi- "ſider thoſe before others who are "any ways allied to me. If I mean "to ſerve, I always do it.

"I men-

"I mentioned to you ſome time "ſince, that you ſhould be thinking "of attaching yourſelf to ſome kind "of buſineſs; but your mother neg- "lected my advice till you were too "old. The reſpect I have for your "mother's memory inclines me to "do ſomething for you."—Tom, who little ſuſpected what he was ſent for, permitted a thouſand pleaſing hopes to ruſh on his mind.—"Here, "here," continued Mr. Weſton, "is "a twenty pound note; I give it "you not without one piece of ad- "vice, which is, to go directly to "London, and endeavour to get a "clerk's place, or ſomething of that "kind, as you are too old for an ap- "prenticeſhip."

Poor Tom was now near ſinking with grief and diſappointment, when Mr. Weſton folded up the papers, ſaying,

ing, "Remember, the ſum I have "given you is very ſufficient for a "ſteady induſtrious youth to lay "the foundation of a future fortune "with; and that in doing this, I do "every thing. Go, take your leave "of my ſiſter; and the ſooner you "ſet off the better."

In ſaying theſe words he went out, leaving Tom by himſelf, ſo choked with indignation, that he anſwered not a word to what had been ſaid. As ſoon as Mr. Weſton had left the room, he applied to a relief which a mind oppreſſed with grief often makes uſe of; that is to ſay, he flung himſelf into a chair which was near him, and gave way to a torrent of tears which came opportunely to his aſſiſtance. Soon, however, being more compoſed, he roſe up, medi-

tated

tated a moment, uttered the monoſyllable "Well!" and then ſunk again into the chair, where he remained ſome time leaning on his hand, ruminating on the cruelty of his uncle. At laſt, however, he went to his room, opened his drawers, ſhut them again, then opened them, took out ſome linen, and made up a ſmall bundle, and then ſat down and wrote the following letter to Mr. Weſton:

"SIR,

"I SEND you incloſedt het wenty "pound note you was ſo generous "as to give me; the kind aſſiſtance "of Providence will render it of lit-"tle uſe to me: I truſt my fortune "in the hands of Heaven. My poor "good mother's wiſhes go with me; "and I leave you to feel how much

" ſuperior I am to yourſelf, even in " the midſt of misfortune.

" Your's,

" THO. WESTON."

Mr. Weſton, to whom this letter was given, anſwered, " Very well;" and put it in his pocket.

As ſoon as poor Tom had wrote his letter, he rambled out into the fields, where he walked ſome time with his arms folded, reflecting on his ſituation, and thinking on his mother, regretting her loſs with the deepeſt of all concern, unavailing ſorrow. At laſt, weary and fatigued with care, he ſunk down in the high graſs, and fell faſt aſleep.

This circumſtance introduces to the reader's knowledge a companion of Tom's, the moſt faithful he ever had, and who had now followed him unſeen to the place where he lay down.

Poor

Poor Keeper (for that was the name of this faithful animal) loved his maſter with the moſt ſincere affection, and was always with him: this poor beaſt always ſlept at the door of his room, and never ſtirred from that place during an illneſs which had confined Tom ſome weeks. If he rode out, whatever might be the length of the way, Keeper was always behind, and followed through the dirty road till he was ſinking with fatigue. At his return, the poor timid wet animal was again with him, ſtretching himſelf along under his chair, turning every now and then to ſee if his maſter was near. He was a grateful, mild, docile creature, and had the moſt good-natured countenance in the world, and could ſmile much more natu-

rally than Miſs Dorothea, or many other bipeds in the world.

Tom loved his dog, nor could any thing have obliged him to have parted with him; he was a kind maſter, and would have protected his faithful hound againſt inſult and oppreſſion with his life: indeed he had many quarrels on his account, for this poor animal, like himſelf, met with little regard at Weſton Hall.—Poor Keeper, finding his maſter aſleep, lay down quietly by his ſide in an attitude of vigilance and protection, as if ſenſible of his maſter's accidental ſlumber.

It happened, that at this time gay queen Mab, with all her ſportive train of little elves, danced along the meadow where our hero repoſed, lightly touched the bending graſs, and ſometimes perched upon the blades

blades of corn; or riding on a butterfly formed giddy circles round the honeyſuckle or lighted on a roſe. At laſt, approaching near the place where our hero lay, the little wanderer ſtopt, and, ſurrounding the forlorn youth, the queen of fancy perched upon his lip, and mixed with balmy honeyſuckle dew a train of amorous images light as æther, that flew to the pineal gland, and formed a pleaſing dream filled with love and adventure; from which Tom awoke, or was rather awakened by his faithful hound, who was now, impatient of notice, licking his maſter's hand. Tom was ſurprized to find him ſo near and turned to careſs him, when he ſaw moving towards the place where he lay, a charming figure of a young girl, exquiſitely made, and ſeemingly adorned with every grace of action:

every charm ſeemed multiplied as ſhe advanced, and diſcovered a countenance of the moſt engaging complacency; eyes full of the moſt expreſſive languor, a mouth that invited the kiſs which modeſty forbad; lips never yet preſſed, except by the dry mouth of her old antiquated nurſe; her boſom, ſwelling into the perfection of a woman, ſupplied the fancy with ideas of heaven, while her graceful limbs moved as if to muſic. In her hands, which were formed to touch the lyre or play the lute, ſhe held a ſmall volume, but whether it was Romance or Novel, I have never been able to learn.

Our hero aſtoniſhed, or rather faſcinated, with her beauty, roſe half up, and, fixing his eyes upon her, remained ſome time immoveable. No doubt, if the fairy train were preſent

at

at this interview, they were agreeably amuſed, and it is moſt probable it was by ſome of their myſterious magic, that this fair damſel was brought to the ſpot where Tom was ſleeping.

It is but juſtice to obſerve, that the young lady, far from being alarmed, felt a ſenſation rather agreeable, which aſſured her there was no danger, except that of loſing her heart, when ſhe beheld a fine well-made youth with a mildneſs of countenance and manner that ſurpreſſed at once her fears.

His fine brown hair hung careleſs on his ſhoulders; his clear white ſkin relieved the blue tranſparent veins of the moſt delicate hand; his cheeks bloomed with health; and brilliant imagination dancing in his eyes, ſpoke love, expreſſed genius, and ſoftened

into rapture at the ſame moment. He was, indeed, a fine figure; and the many accompliſhments he poſſeſſed, had formed a perſon meant by nature to be agreeable; he danced to perfection; fenced well; and was ſo good a horſeman, that he was conſtantly in the field with thoſe gentlemen who frequented the hunt: he was, beſides, an excellent archer, frequently bore the prize at cricket, and was ſurpaſſed by few in vigour and bodily ſtrength: and it was rather extraordinary, that he poſſeſſed theſe things with a perſon delicately made, and a ſoftneſs of manner almoſt incompatible with ſtrength.

Tom had now riſen, and was bending his ſteps towards the fair incognita, when a lucky accident (perhaps contrived by the genius of

of the place) came to the aſtſſiance of our timid youth: a ſhower of rain, which had been gathering unperceived by the embarraſſed lovers, came on ſo ſuddenly, as ſcarcely to allow them time to ſeek any farther ſhelter than what the field afforded. A very natural inclination led them to the ſame tree, which was a beautiful, ſpreading oak that ſtood neareſt them. In ſuch a ſituation, with ſuch a charming girl by his ſide, what would the reader have done? Exactly, I imagine, what our hero did, endeavour to force a converſation.—And I muſt here hint, by way of advice to young beginners, that if ever they ſhould be placed in a dilemma of this kind, they ſhould immediately call action to the aſſiſtance of ſpeech; preſſing the hand, encircling the waiſt, or any other little attention,

ſerves to fill up the vacuum natural to dialogue, and ſaves many a lover from looking like a fool. Beſides, that the tranſporting pleaſure attached to the touch of a woman, gives us ſpirits to go on; and then ſhe, on her ſide, though not entertained with compliments and ſmall talk, ſtill finds, by the warmth of your hand, the fire of your eyes, and the energy of action, that you are capable of—loving; another principal thing is, actually to fancy ourſelves in a romance or a play, and as your lady is generally ready enough to imagine herſelf a princeſs, the ſucceſs is certain.

Our hero had ſcarce arrived to the ſpot his fair incognita had choſen for ſhelter, when a clap of thunder came from a darkened cloud not far diſtant, and the fluid lightning began

to

to flaſh inceſſantly on the weſtern hills. This tremendous ſcene gave our hero an opportunity of ſpeaking, and he now encircled the waiſt of the trembling Charlotte, who ſunk motionleſs in his arms. The panting of the fineſt boſom in the world, the diſorder of her handkerchief, and the favorable poſition in which he held her, raiſed the imagination of our amorous youth to a height eaſily conceived by ſuch as underſtand circumſtances.

Tom, who was by nature all attention and kindneſs, after having adminiſtered her own ſmelling bottle, and ſomewhat quieted her apprehenſion, in a language the moſt expreſſive of his concern, preſſed the fair ſtranger to accept his protection, and to ſeek a leſs dangerous ſhelter.

"How much more," ſaid Tom, "ſhould I have been obliged to "Chance for this meeting, had it "been occaſioned by circumſtances "leſs diſagreeable to yourſelf!" — The gentle Charlotte thanked him for this compliment in a voice the moſt muſical in the world, which vibrated ſome time after on the raviſhed ears of our hero. The thunder ceaſed preſently; but the rain continued ſo long, that they were obliged to remain ſome time under the tree.

I ſhall not mention particularly by what little ſteps our hero and heroine grew, even in the midſt of a ſtorm, inſenſibly pleaſed with each other. The natural reſerve was loſt, Tom had taken advantages, under the idea of help and protection, which no one in his ſenſes would have neglected, and ſuch as, if women can find

any

any excuſe for, they readily forgive. To be ſhort, they improved the time wonderfully, while the miſchievous god of love, who had hid himſelf behind the oak where they ſtood, found them both ſo innocent and unguarded, that he let fly his arrows promiſcuouſly, and was diverted to find how little caution they uſed.

I beg here to inform the reader, who would wiſh, perhaps, to amuſe himſelf with any fooliſh idea that exiſts in his own mind, that he is miſtaken if he imagines any harm in this ſcene. I draw my characters from Nature; and thoſe who underſtand her know that the young mind inclines firſt to the pureſt love.

So much engaged were our young lovers, that they ſtood ſome time after the ſtorm was over, before they perceived a beautiful rainbow which had

had begun to form its variegated arch in the horizon; and that the ſun had again gilded the little ſteeple of the pariſh church. The ſweetneſs of the fallen rain, and the quick return of all the charms of Nature, ſoon invited them to walk. It was, during the converſation that afterwards enſued, the moſt agreeable perhaps our hero had ever experienced, that Miſs Acton informed him ſhe was on a viſit to lady Louiſa Wilſon at Northampton; and that ſhe was to leave that place the next day. Tom now told her that he himſelf was obliged to ſet out for London immediately; "and, I "think," ſaid he, "I ſhall do it with "little regret. Northampton has not "ſufficient charms for me to make "abſence a pain." He, however, concealed all the circumſtances of his ill

ill fortune; and, eager to drown the thought of his own ſituation, forbore aſking any queſtions concerning her's. He knew, young as he was, that he was only plunging into the moſt dangerous of all ſituations, and from which it was impoſſible he could extricate himſelf. Misfortune checks us in our ſchemes of love, friendſhip, or happineſs, and makes us diſagreeably reaſonable.

But he found he could not part with her in this manner. Pride is never ſo powerful as when mixed with deſpair: then what we ought to be, combats with the thought of what we are; and our reſentment to the world riſes in proportion to the injuries it has done us. They were ſentiments ſuch as theſe, ſtrengthened by the paſſion his heart indulged, that made him form the deſperate reſo-

reſolution of opening his mind at once.

"They had not proceeded far before our hero ſtopt, and ſeizing the hand of Miſs Acton, cried, "Dear Madam," the little ſer- "vice I have done you may lead "you to forgive a diſtracted wretch, "who is bold enough to tell you that "he loves you, to remember an un- "fortunate being who will never ſee "you again, who can never more "offend you, deſtined by fate to "wander in a harſh and relentleſs "world." "I beg, Sir," anſwered the amiable Miſs Acton, "you will not "ſpeak of a paſſion I dare not under- "ſtand. But why ſhould you never "ſee me again? It would be a plea- "ſure to me to be acquainted with "you. This is all I can ſay now, "or at leaſt all I ought to ſay."

"Gene-

"Generous girl!" exclaimed our hero, "do not aſk me queſtions I "cannot anſwer, nor flatter me with "hopes which fate forbids me to "indulge.—Remember only this ac-"cidental meeting, and ſigh ſome-"times in ſecret for the misfor-"tunes of one to whom you are a "ſtranger." "But why," cried Miſs Acton, "ſhould I remember this "meeting only with pain? Relate "to me, I intreat you, thoſe ad-"ventures which, though unac-"quainted with, I find intereſt me "much." "No, Madam," anſwered Tom, "farewell; let your good "wiſhes attend me; and perhaps "from this happy moment my dif-"ficulties may leſſen, ſome future "day I may have pleaſure in relat-"ing thoſe viciſſitudes over which I "muſt now draw a veil."

I can-

I cannot pretend to ſay what effect this myſterious converſation had on the heart of the tender Charlotte, it is in my power however to aſſure the reader, that ſhe was ſo much engaged in contemplation, that ſhe involuntarily permitted our hero to take her hand, on which he impreſſed a thouſand kiſſes; and though this neceſſary action was in the moment of adieu, our enraptured hero ſeemed unaccountably to prolong it. A few minutes farther delay in his ſituation might have led to an explanation much to his advantage; but the adverſe fates decreed otherwiſe; for while he was thus agreeably employed, there came up the young lady's old aunt and her footman, and put end at once to all his hopes.

This

This good lady's fright prevented her from doing more than thanking him for the protection of her niece, and then covering her in a great coat for fear of her catching cold, the lovely Charlotte was conveyed away in a moment to the houſe of lady Louiſa Wilſon, at the very inſtant when ſhe was about mentioning her name, and diſcloſing ſome other agreeable particulars to our enraptured hero.

Tom, with a generoſity natural to him, regarding the delicacy of her ſituation, and knowing the impoſſibilities that barred his ſucceſs, forbore to follow her, and turned back to the lane they had come up, ſinking under a weight of diſappointment, and wounded by a thouſand agonizing thoughts.

Love is like a ſweet poiſon lurking in the blood, which never informs the patient, till too late, that its effects are fatal. This was now the caſe with our hero, who endeavoured to perſuade himſelf that he had never received the wound, or at leaſt that he was perfectly cured; in which notion, however, he was certainly much miſtaken, as he indulged with a pleaſure next to ecſtaſy, the remembrance of the little incident we have mentioned.

Tom was now, in melancholy thoughtful mood, meaſuring back the ſteps he had taken, when he obſerved his dog playing with ſomething on the ground, and on coming a little nearer, found it to be a ribbon, to which was attached a ſmall picture. He ſtooped, took it up, looked at it, and nearly ſunk when he ſaw the fair being

being he had juſt left renewed to his imagination, and recollected that a few moments before it encircled her delicate wriſt. Theſe reflections ſerved only to involve Tom more and more. Indeed, it ſeemed the determination of fate to grant a power to that ideal thing called Chance to lay this ſnare. Tom's heart danced with pleaſure at this romantic accident, and he careſſed his poor dog with all the actions of a madman, thanking him for what he had done, though, in fact, poor Keeper knew ſo little of the matter, that he was tearing the ribbon in pieces, and demoliſhing the picture as faſt as poſſible, when our hero perceived it.

It is always the failing of weak minds (and minds affected with love are ever weak), to imagine all that happens in their favour to be brought about

about by ſome invincible and friendly genii. Tom actually thought his favourite dog was made the inſtrument of his happineſs, and loved him the more for it. He now ſuffered a train of extravagant hopes, which commonly ſucceed and relieve deſpair, to come dancing on his mind. Fancying himſelf in London, thrown in the way of fortune, in company with the charming girl he had left, he was one moment making money on the 'Change, and the next a favourite at court, and abſolutely cloſetted with the miniſter, then retorting Mr. Weſton's cruelty, and rewarding (for he could reward) the friendſhip of Mr. Bowden.

At our hero's return, a long converſation enſued between him and the good clergyman, to whom he opened his mind without reſerve, con-

concealing no circumſtance of his ill fortune. Mr. Bowden was ſo much affected at the ſtory of his ſcholar, that he remained near a quarter of an hour after Tom had finiſhed, before he ſpoke, rubbing his eyebrows and playing with his ſpectacles; at laſt he broke ſilence:

"Well, my dear boy, do not be "caſt down; God Almighty means "this for your good. *Whatever is,* "*is right*; all thoſe contingences "and accidents which our vices and "follies have brought upon ourſelves, "are directed by the hand of Provi- "dence for our future happineſs. It "is not becauſe you are deſerted by "your uncle, that God (who deſerts "no one) will leave you; no, when "the world oppreſſes a good heart "(and I think your's is a good one) "heaven is ſtrong in its protection,

" and rules the ſeeming misfortune " of the hour. Remember the viciſ- " ſitudes of Joſeph, and rely on this, " that, like him, every good mind " will, in the end, be recom- " penſed.

" I admire, though I do not ap- " prove, your behaviour to your un- " cle; it is beſt, if poſſible, to be " at peace with every one. But " what," continued he, " my dear " child, do you intend to do in Lon- " don? You ſay, that you have only " ten guineas by you; you will find " it laſt but a little time in that ex- " penſive place; you had better ſtay " with me; ſomething may, per- " haps, in future lead your uncle to " do you more juſtice."

" No, Sir," returned our hero, " I " truſt now to a more friendly power " —Chance."

" Then,"

"Then," ſaid Mr. Bowden, "ſince "you are determined, you ſhall ſet "out when you pleaſe; and heaven "be propitious to your wiſhes."

Tom, who fixt on the next morning for his departure, made up a bundle of ſmall articles, with a reſolution to walk to London, as well with a view to cheapneſs, as for the ſake of adventure.

CHAP. VIII.

Our hero takes leave of the Weſton family. A converſation between him and Mr. Bowden before his departure; with the friendly advice that gentleman gave him.

TOM, who had ſlept the preceding evening at Mr. Bowden's houſe, roſe early with an intention of taking leave of his aunt, for he never extended his reſentment beyond its proper object: indeed, he was adviſed by the good clergyman to pay this mark of reſpect to Miſs Dorothea.

Our hero ſet out for the houſe of Mr. Weſton with a heart extremely heavy; for he did not think much good

good would enſue from his intended viſit. When he came to the door, the ſervants informed him that Miſs Dorothea was at breakfaſt. He waited near half an hour before the footman brought him word that his lady deſired he would walk up. Tom entered the room, where Miſs Dorothea was ſeated at breakfaſt, with his uſual politeneſs, and told her, he was come to take his leave, for that he was going to London.

"So I hear," replied the lady, ſipping her tea.

After an interval of ſome length, ſhe continued: "Well, I hope you'll "make a good man; all youth have "indiſcretions. You are going, re-"member, to a wicked place. Be-"ware the ſhoals of vice, the traps "that will be laid for you; above all, "beware of women. Women, un-

" leſs it is the vartious part of the " ſex, are fiends. There are in " London wretched ſtrumpets, who " will try to allure you from your " duty; ſhun them as devils.—— " Vice," ſays a great author,—

" Vice is a monſter of ſuch horrid mien,
" As to be hated, needs but to be ſeen."

Perhaps Tom at this moment thought, that virtue alſo appeared ſometimes in no very pleaſing ſhape. " But take care, Tom," continued this good lady, " take care of your " money: twenty pounds is a great " ſum; lay it by carefully: get " into a cheap lodging; keep ſober, " honeſt company. " Tell me your " company, and I'll tell you what " you are." " A bad ſheep ſpoils " the whole flock." " Evil commu- " nications corrupt good manners."

The

The reader may obſerve, that Miſs Dorothea, with her uſual delicacy, had refined the language of the ſecond of theſe proverbs. Tom told her, he had no ſhoals to fear, but thoſe of poverty; and then related his uncle's behaviour, and his having ſent him back the twenty pounds;—which laſt circumſtance Mr. Weſton had not mentioned to her, as it was a maxim with this gentleman, that it was of no uſe whatever to tell your affairs to a woman.

"Sent it back!" exclaimed the aſtoniſhed Dorothea; "ſent it back!"

"It would have been of little ſer-
"vice to me, Madam," anſwered Tom.

"And what did my brother ſay to
"ſuch conduct?"

"Nothing, I believe, Madam."

" Nothing! indeed, I don't know
" what he could ſay to ſuch ingrati-
" tude, unleſs he had turned you out
" of the houſe naked. Well! I
" never heard—I had wrapped up a
" guinea for you in this piece of
" paper, that you might have ſome-
" thing to remember me—However
" —Indeed I think you ought to
" have down'd upon your knees, and
" thanked my dear brother.—Oh!
" I hate an ungrateful mind. Do
" you think Maſter Humphries would
" have behaved ſo? Oh! if you had
" but his learning, you might be
" proud of yourſelf; ſuch an inditer
" of a letter! ſuch a ſcholard! and
" then ſo polite and genteel.—Well,
" you are to do as you like. Good
" b'ye to ye; you have had your in-
" ſtructions from that old ſtupid
" Bowden, I ſuppoſe; he has ruined
" you

" you for ever. Learn ye to deſpiſe
" your own relations! he ought to
" have his gown ſtripped over his
" ears."

" Madam," replied our hero; " fare-
" well; I wiſh you all poſſible hap-
" pineſs; I feel, I aſſure you, more
" for you than for myſelf, I pity
" you for your want of underſtand-
" ing; I pity your want of education;
" But, above all, I pity you for not
" having a heart to pity thoſe—"

" Education!" returned the en-
raged Dorothea, " get out of the
" room. I never heard ſuch impu-
" dence in my life."—

The reader may picture to himſelf, at this moment, Tiſiphone in a paſſion: her eyes ſtared, her hair briſtled, her hand ſhook, and the ſcalding tea poured in torrents from the diſordered table. Tom retreated as

faſt as poſſible from a houſe into which he could never expect to enter again, pronouncing ſeveral benedictions on the good lady he had left, which his reaſon could not ſuppreſs, and which indeed ſhe truly deſerved. He then returned to the parſonage, where Mr. Bowden had a very good dinner prepared for him. The good man only ſmiled at the reception Tom had met with, and endeavoured as much as poſſible, by his facetiouſneſs and good-humour, to remove the chagrin that reigned in our hero's breaſt, and turned the converſation to the new ſcene in life which Tom was about to enter. He related ſeveral adventures which he had himſelf met with in London, and made many very juſt obſervations on the entrance of a young man into that mart of buſineſs and pleaſure. He, how-

however, concluded this harangue with a wiſh that Tom would ſtay with him, and endeavour to be reconciled to his uncle. This propoſal Tom rejected with great coolneſs, urging the impractibility of their ever agreeing together. After the cloth was taken away, and a bottle of good old port ſet on the table, Mr. Bowden very deliberately took out a ſmall pocket book, in which was a ten pound Bank note; this he put into our hero's hand, ſaying, "I deſire that "you will not refuſe this little ſum on "account of my ſituation; I can do "without it very well; my ſmall "income is ſufficient for me: in-"deed I don't know what I ſaved it "for; however, I now thank God "that I did."

Tom ſtill hefitated. "Do not, "my dear child," continued Mr.

Bowden, "hinder me from doing a "good action, an action which will "give me peace of mind when your "cruel uncle will want it." This was the ſevereſt thing this good man had ever ſaid of Mr. Weſton.

It happened that the day which was fixed for Tom's departure was his birth-day, which circumſtance he mentioned, with a prophetic ſentiment, to Mr. Bowden, who told him, "that ſo far from its being "ominous, he conſidered it juſt the "contrary; that it was true he was "juſt launching into a new ſcene of "life, but that the ſame Providence "would protect him in London, as "in any other place. Do not," ſays the good man, "give way to any "ſuperſtitious fears; they are ex-"tremely dangerous in every con-"cern of life, and we often prevent,

"by

" by our ridiculous concluſions, that " advantage and good fortune which " our own exertions would moſt " likely have procured." Our hero, however, could not eaſily rid himſelf of the weight which lay on his mind; indeed the circumſtances I have mentioned would have made an impreſſion on a much maturer judgement.

Mr. Bowden now preſented our hero with ſome letters for London: " I hope," ſaid he, " theſe intro- " ductions will be of ſome ſervice to " you; this firſt is to an Engliſh " peer, a man of great intereſt, who " is a diſtant relation of mine, and " once made me many offers of " kindneſs: here is another to a " young baronet, an old ſchool-fel- " low of mine; he is an open gene- " rous youth, and of a worthy and

" independent diſpoſition: this is to
" a gentleman with whom I have
" very little acquaintance; he is a
" good man and much beloved, and
" may be inclined to ſerve you,
" though I cannot build much on
" this laſt application. I have ſoli-
" cited for you a place as writer
" abroad, or a clerk in ſome of the
" public offices, in either the navy,
" army, or ſtamp-office. If you can
" procure ſomething of this kind for
" the preſent, we ſhall be able per-
" haps ſoon to think of ſomething
" elſe; but it is beſt to ſecure even
" an indifferent ſituation while we
" look forward with hopes to a bet-
" ter: uncertainty, and being out of
" employ, are dreadful ſituations for
" a young man to be in. Remember
" Shakeſpeare's beautiful idea of life,

" There

"There is a tide in the affairs of man,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of our life
Is bound in ſhallows and in miſeries."

"This tide you have not yet met "with; ſo that you have yet no "neglect or folly to accuſe yourſelf "of: a happy ſtage of life! wait "with patience for the critical mo- "ment; induſtry ſoon meets with "ſucceſs, and then every ſtep is "more rapid in our approach to "fortune: ſo, on the contrary, we "advance towards nothing faſter than "ruin, when once we are on the "journey. We view at firſt, indeed, "the black proſpect with a careleſs "inattention, till we are led imper- "ceptibly nearer and nearer to the "danger; perhaps to the laſt una- "ble to be convinced: nor is it our

"own

" own perverſeneſs alone that then
" governs us; for on ſo great a de-
" clivity is the road to ill-fortune,
" that we find it extremely difficult
" to ſtop ourſelves; beſides, the
" world ungenerouſly puſh the un-
" fortunate along, and, however
" inclined, will not allow them to
" turn back: no ſooner is it known
" that a man has loſt the eminence
" on which he ſtood, or, on the
" journey up the hill of life, makes
" a falſe ſtep that retards his pro-
" greſs, than the hue and cry is im-
" mediately raiſed, a numerous ſet
" of creditors, attended by a ſpecies
" of legal robbers, ruſh out together
" and force him headlong down;
" another yet more dangerous ſet are
" his kind friends, who pity his
" misfortunes, and give timely no-
" tice of them to all the world:

" every

" every one ſhuns him, for the pre-
" cipice is ſo dangerous, that if any
" are inclined to take him by the
" hand, they ſometimes periſh with
" him. But it is not impoſſible even
" in this ſituation to ſave your-
" ſelf; there is yet another path,
" where, if you can but have cou-
" rage enough to reach it, the de-
" clivity ceaſes, and you find again
" an eaſy aſcent. Soon as you have
" left the former road, which was
" crowded with vices, follies, and
" pleaſures, that hurried you nearly
" to the verge of ruin, kind hope
" receives you, and takes you by
" the hand; reaſon and virtue ſmile
" at your return, ſweet peace re-
" ſtores again the ſhattered mind,
" and health renews the bloom
" which vice and diſſipation had de-
" ſtroyed. Thus pleaſing, my dear
" Tom, are our reaſonable and

" virtuous endeavours; and almoſt
" all thoſe who complain ſo heavily
" of fortune, find in their own breaſts
" a cauſe for their ill ſucceſs, which
" their vanity, pride, or chagrin,
" will not permit them to own.
" Nothing can appear more plain,
" or more evident, than the certainty
" of a recompence when we deſert
" thoſe follies which are inevitably
" attached to ruin, for virtues which
" are connected inſeparably with
" happineſs. One would almoſt ima-
" gine, that the pleaſure we expe-
" rience in doing a good action,
" and the never-failing bad conſe-
" quences attendant on vice, would
" ever incline the human heart on
" the ſide of virtue; but ſo it is,
" that a momentary impulſe of paſ-
" ſion, a ſenſual idea, or a thought
" of extravagant pleaſure, too eaſily
" overturns the beautiful arrange-
" ment

" ment which reaſon has formed.
" Beware, Tom, above all, of yield-
" ing to the deluſive powers of the
" imagination; eſpecially of thoſe
" dangerous moments wherein lei-
" ſure gives us the ideas of riches,
" grandeur, and eminence, the poſ-
" ſeſſion of beauty, and the wiſh for
" amuſement; it is at theſe times
" that we induſtriouſly endeavour to
" ſubdue thoſe reaſons which we
" know to be juſt, and which are
" ſure to return after the pleaſure is
" over. Every man after a debauch,
" in which his health or purſe have
" ſuffered, wakes in the morning a
" reſtleſs and unhappy being; the
" ſun, that calls the induſtrious
" healthy huſbandman to labour,
" only troubles his ſick and diſor-
" dered head with its heavenly light;
" the night however relieves him;

" he

" he riſes to purſue the ſame round,
" till ſo deranged are his affairs, that
" he has no heart to enter again on
" the purſuit of buſineſs. He ima-
" gines it now for ever out of his
" power to retrieve his former ſitua-
" tion; he applies again to pleaſure,
" and, to drown the thoughts of
" ruin, takes a yet ſtronger doſe of
" that poiſon which ſhe readily prof-
" fers to the lips of man: virtue
" grows feeble now, inactive are all
" the functions of the body and the
" mind; we hate ourſelves; dejec-
" tion and extreme laſſitude follow;
" we know we have no pretenſions
" to hope, we have rejected a kind
" God, who can only ſtep with us
" in virtue, and who leaves us when-
" ever we ungenerouſly chuſe another
" guide; the weight of reflection is
" too great to bear; the mind be-
" comes

" comes a load of reproach, and our
" own follies, the ingratitude of our
" boſom friends, the perſecution of
" creditors, and the ſupercilious
" pride of thoſe who were once be-
" neath us, oppreſs and torment us
" inceſſantly—we now reflect that
" we have injured a kind Deity who
" was perhaps aſſiſting us at the
" very moment we left him, and
" offended a father who had often
" forgiven us. To conclude, we
" yield at laſt a wretched victim to
" our diſordered ſenſes, and the end
" is—SUICIDE!

" How different is the ſituation of
" the good man! he riſes cheerfully,
" purſues his occupations with re-
" gularity and ſucceſs, feels conſtantly
" a light eaſy mind; and in the
" choice of a few delicate pleaſures
" is completely happy: he is a
" ſtranger

" ſtranger to the agonizing reflection
" that rends the heart of vice, and is
" unacquainted with the deluſive
" means of contentment which the
" bad man makes uſe of to ſuſtain
" the horrors of his ſituation. If
" misfortune threatens, hope clears
" away the cloud;—if it arrives,
" heaven gives them a ſtrength equal
" to the difficulty. The ancients
" have placed all their heroes under
" the protection of ſome divine
" power. It is this kind of courage
" the good man feels above thoſe
" who know they dare not claim ſuch
" aſſiſtance."

We have preſerved at length the uſeful leſſons which Mr. Bowden gave to his pupil, as we hope they may be of ſervice to our young readers. It was near five o'clock when this converſation ended; tea was ſoon after put on the

the table; after which our hero roſe and ſet out in company with Mr. Bowden to the next village. Tom had nobody to take leave of; his ſchool-fellows had left Northampton long before him.

It is but juſtice here to obſerve, that whatever impreſſions our fair incognita had made on the heart of our hero, he yet felt ſome remorſe for his negligence to his Harriet, and wiſhed at this moment to bid her farewell; but that young lady had been above a twelvemonth at a neighbouring town. He wiſhed now to recompenſe, by ſome ſmall tribute of gratitude, a little tender heart that he knew had once panted ſo ſtrongly for him. Mr. Bowden wiſhed Tom to take the opportunity of the ſtage; but the many books our young traveller had read, in which ſituations like

like his own were painted, inclined him rather to ſeek the adventures of the road; he therefore inſiſted on walking; and obſerved that he could, if he felt any fatigue, take any carriage that came in his way.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

In which our hero ſets out on the London road, with ſeveral curious adventures he meets with in his way.

A SHOWER of rain had juſt fallen and refreſhed the atmoſphere with the ſweet ſcent of roſes and of violets, the aqueous drops ſtill hung pendant from the honeyſuckle, and the convolvolus yet drooped its head, waiting the morning ſun to revive again, when our hero left the village, in company with his friend Mr. Bowden, and his faithful dog.

When they came to the fourth mile-ſtone, Mr. Bowden ſtopt, and taking his young friend by the hand, ſaid to him, "My dear boy,

"I am

"I am now about to leave you, to "purſue a journey in which I hope "to God you will be ſucceſsful; "chuſe but the right path, and God "will bleſs you in every ſtep you "take. Before I go, however, I "ſhall preſent you a few maxims "which will be extremely uſeful to "you in life, drawn from experience, "and founded on truth." He then gave him a ſmall pocket book, in which they were contained; they ſeated themſelves on a ſtile, and Mr. Bowden read as follows:

1ſt. "Let religion, reaſon, and a "love of peace rule in every action "through life.

2d. "Remember that if you perſe-"vere in virtue, the natural effect, "which is happineſs, muſt in the "end be produced.

3d. Oc-

3d. "Occupy your hours with "ſtudy. Leave the mind no time to "be idle, in which dangerous mo- "ments our uſual reſource is plea- "ſure or vice.

4th. "The way to conquer ex- "travagant or ſenſual inclinations "is to oppoſe them with ſome "pleaſing and rational amuſements.

5th. "The moſt certain ſtep to- "wards happineſs is the love of a "domeſtic life.

6th. "Overcome the firſt impulſe "of a dangerous or vicious inclina- "tion, and the next moment you "will rejoice in your eſcape.

7th. "Vice wears a pleaſing maſk "till ruin, and the deſertion of our "vicious companions pull it off.

8th. "When you are inclined to "become prodigal, remember the "diſtreſſed ſituations which you

" have before experienced. Let no " future proſpect make you think it " a time to be laviſh; diſappoint- " ment follows cloſe on the heels of " hope, and loves to damp when the " the other elevates.

9th. " Before you lay out any mo- " ney, conſider whether what you " wiſh to buy is abſolutely neceſſary " or not; recollect that the trifle " you part with now to ſatisfy ſome " preſent whim, you may want in " a moment of extreme neceſſity.

10th. " If on the point of be- " ing involved in a dangerous in- " trigue or ruinous connection, do " not give yourſelf time to think, " but avoid the danger immediately; " elſe a thought of pleaſure will ſoon " vanquiſh reaſon, and the conſtitu- " tion obtain a complete victory.

11th.

11th. "Remember that every dif-
"ſolute pleaſure of the town is a
"dangerous and ſlow poiſon that
"enfeebles the mind, and hurts the
"conſtitution, and, in the end, de-
"ſtroys them both.

12th. "In your different ſitua-
"tions in life, be always kind and
"engaging to your inferiors, and
"ſhew a proper pride towards thoſe
"ſuperiors who want ſenſe enough
"to be polite to you."

Tom now aſſured Mr. Bowden he ſhould keep for ever in his breaſt leſſons dictated by ſo kind a friend, and preſerve them with a pleaſing remembrance of the author, that would inſure compliance to more rigid rules.

After ſeveral demonſtrations of regard on both ſides, the good clergyman returned home, leaving our hero, and his faithful hound to pur-

ſue their journey. Night came on very faſt; Luna, and her attendant Venus, had riſen above the horizon, which ſtill retained the red complexion Phœbus had left behind: at laſt the twilight yielded to the powers of Nox, and the bright moon relieved an opaque curtain ſtudded with innumerable conſtellations.

Tom's imagination now gave way to many ſerious yet pleaſing reflections; the beauties and wonders Nature diſplays, inform us, that we are more out of the power of Chance, than we at firſt are led to believe, and that the Author of ſuch infinite worlds reſerves to himſelf the power of bleſſing the good mind, and redreſſing the unfortunate. Tom now expected every moment ſome accident, ſuch as deſcribed in romance, and was almoſt at this time another

Quixote.

Quixote. Indeed the beauty of the night, the appearance of diſtant objects, the ſtillneſs that prevailed, the muſic of the folds, and the diſtant and varied voices he heard, ſerved to ſtrengthen theſe ideas.

They had not proceeded far, before Keeper barked, and our hero beheld a white object moving ſlowly forward, with a ſtrange ſupernatural noiſe, that Tom could no way account for; he, however, ſoon perceived that all his fears had been occaſioned by a white mare, which had been left out to graze with a clog and chain; the glimmering light of the next village or town, which was Stoke Golding, now appeared, and our hero was not a little pleaſed on entering it, to find a ſmall public houſe open, where a cheerful fire appeared through the windows; the

evening was rather cold, and it was the kitchen that diplayed this ſignal of hoſpitality. As Tom had determined to reduce his ideas to his ſituation, he went immediately without ceremony among a number of farmers and countrymen, who appeared ſeated there for the evening. Though in the middle of a diſpute (no doubt of ſome importance), the moment they ſaw our hero, a general ſilence prevailed, and all thoſe evident marks of aſtoniſhment and ſurprize ſo expreſſive in the countenance of the *Bourgeois* took place, ſuch as vacant ſtares, broad grins, &c. Tom ſeated himſelf, and called for a mug of beer, when he had time to make obſervations on his company.

In one corner of the chimney was a thin man in a leather doublet, with a monſtrous black beard, and had

had what phyſiognomiſts might call a very learned countenance; indeed, he appeared much ſuperior to his companions: he held a pipe in his hand, which ſeemed the grand aſſiſtant of his arguments; between every puff a deliberate ſentence was pronounced, which kept the hearer in ſuſpenſe till the next interval relieved him; he was addreſſing a little fat man, whom Tom was afterwards informed was a ſchool-maſter and barber at Spratton. A young man, of a florid complexion, in a brown coat and very dirty boots, with a brace of pointers by his ſide, was reclining in an elbow chair, with every ſymptom of fatigue; next him was a young damſel, who deigned to ſmile with great affability on our young adventurer; ſhe was dreſt in a clean linen gown, adorned with blue rib-

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bons at the ſleeves; her handkerchief thrown ſlightly over her neck, diſplayed a boſom that would have feaſted the eye of an Epicure; her eyes were blue, and very piercing, and ſhe had a method of transfixing her beholders, that made them repent their raſhneſs, and ſhewed her inclination for miſchief; ſhe had, beſides, a very ſmart leg, which ſhe ſhewed to great advantage by placing her foot on a ſtool, and permitting the drapery to fall aſide; while her arm hung over the chair with great nonchalance. From this the reader may obſerve, that thoſe attitudes which pleaſe and attract are known in a village the ſame as at Court, and the fine lady who ſtudies whole hours the faſcinating poſitions the ſopha affords her, is ſometimes excelled by the more natural and eaſy elegance of the country

country girl. I do not mean to compare the moving graces of the Dutcheſs, whoſe rank appears in every ſtep, with thoſe of the ignorant ruſtic; there is, no doubt, ſome difference between the genteel manner in which a woman of quality gives her hand, and the ſemi-circular poſition of the milk-maid's arms, when releaſed from the yoke, and adorned with fine red gloves; I only wiſh to obſerve, that ſometimes Nature loves to place all her beauties in the village maid, and leave a Counteſs deſtitute. I would by no means offend the Great, as I dareſay I ſhall one time or another be particularly noticed by them; that is, if I can but check a violent inclination I have for ſatire wherever I find a proper ſubject. A different object, however, now excites our attention, which is the mother of the

young lady above-mentioned: ſhe was a little, ſhort, ſquab woman; her unequal ſhape cauſed an irregularity in her motion extremely retrograde; her face was long, and the lower part reſembled a wolf; the two remaining fore-teeth projected beyond the circumference of an extenſive mouth; and ſhe had that certain and infallible mark of a ſcold called a ſharp noſe. I know not whether Lavater is of my opinion; but I can produce ſuch example, ſuch teſtimony againſt ſharp noſes in the courſe of my work, as will make ſome of my readers, who are animals of this genus, burn with vexation, till they apply to the looking-glaſs, and are convinced by its magic power that there is a kind of ſoftneſs, a roundneſs, that takes from the author's meaning.

Our

Our amiable hoſteſs was employed hemming a piece of linen, which I believe (and the ladies muſt excuſe the regard to truth I muſt obſerve in the courſe of my hiſtory) was a ſhift; however, as I am not quite certain, I ſhall not ſay a word more about it. Her huſband, a great fat man, who glowed with the diffuſive powers of ale, held at this moment a tankard in his hand, and was liſtening attentively to the thin old gentleman in the corner.

Tom, who had waited ſome time for his beer, repeated his wiſh, and added, that he was almoſt dying with thirſt. The young damſel, whoſe mind had been occupied with ſome inferences ſhe had drawn from our hero's appearance, now ran with great alacrity to the caſk, and returned preſently with the mug in her

hand, preſenting it with a ſmile that made up for the delay.

After this interval the thin man in the leather doublet, who was clerk and ſhoemaker in the pariſh, renewed the argument which Tom had interrupted, and which appeared to be, the age of Miſs Sally, the innkeeper's daughter; the pariſh clerk maintaining that ſhe was juſt nineteen, and the mother attempting to prove that ſhe was no more than ſeventeen. "My regiſter ſays," continued the ſhoemaker, "my regiſter "ſays, and I am ſure it is right— "I have, Sir," (addreſſing himſelf to Tom) "been thirty years clerk of "this pariſh." The landlord, who had kept ſilent a long time, now ſaid, that if he might ſpeak, he thought Mr. What-d'ye-call-him was in the right. "Nay, but my dear," returned the wife,

wife, "I muſt know." This ill-timed aſſertion was anſwered by the huſband with ſome very aggravating contradictions; ſuch as "Damna-"tion! I tell ye, you are wrong; "you always pretend to know better "than other folks."—"I ought to "know, ſurely, (returned ſhe) when "my own child was born."—"You "lie," replied the landlord, "you "know nothing about it."—The reader muſt not ſuppoſe that this lady, who had no ſmall ſhare of the ſub-acid in her nature, remained long ſilent. No: ſhe ſtill maintained the the point; ſaying, ſhe wondered how he dared to contradict her, introducing at the ſame time ſome extraneous matter, extremely defamatory againſt the character of her huſband; who found it neceſſary now, after giving her the lie direct in as direct a manner

manner as poſſible, to endeavour to quiet his adverſary by aſſuring her, that if ſhe was not ſilent, he would knock her down, break her bones, or ſome ſuch ungentleman-like threats. This lady was, however, by Nature verſed in logic, and knew very well that nothing ſupported a bad argument ſo much as circumlocution, and the introducing little well-invented ſtories, that take the attention from the principal point, and confound the underſtanding, at the ſame time raiſing the indignation of the bye-ſtanders, though from quite a different cauſe than the firſt. The learned counſel often make uſe of this method to confuſe and perplex the jury, who frequently give a verdict againſt the plaintiff, when they really meant to redreſs his wrong.

I only

I only beg every gentleman who judges between his fellow-creatures to guard againſt the powers of eloquence, to ſubſtract all tropes, metaphors, and abuſe, and to collect the ſimple facts alone from which to draw their concluſions.

Though the little barber, Tom Weſton, and the ſhoemaker commiſerated a little with their hoſteſs, when ſhe declared her huſband was falſe to her bed, and that he cheated his cuſtomers; yet when he retorted her abuſe, and launched out in ſhrewd invectives againſt her chaſtity, at the ſame time introducing ſome unequivocal inſtances to ſupport his aſſertion, they wavered again in their opinion, which our heroine no ſooner perceived, than her rage redoubled, and ſhe, in her turn, brought ſeveral things to light which had remained

in

in domeſtic oblivion for at leaſt twenty-hours; the apex of her fury now approached; ſeveral very ſcandalous epithets were made uſe of on both ſides, which rhetoric was followed by ſuch actions and geſtures as portended great and immediate miſchief. The appearance of her huſband had no longer any power to with-hold her—She flew, or at leaſt hopped, to his breaſt, pronouncing emphatically, "You villain! You "raſcal! will you ſtrike a woman? "Gentlemen, he wants to kill me, he "does, he does!" His hands had by this time encompaſſed her wriſts in ſuch a manner as made her frantic with paſſion, from the effects of the powerful preſſure he uſed, and the thoughts of being confined. During this confuſion the ſhoemaker ſmoaked his pipe with all the coolneſs in the

the world; Tom remained ſilent; the barber ſtared, and Miſs Sally ſeemed too much engaged with our hero to notice the combatants. At laſt victory, as it uſually does, declared for the ſtrongeſt. An unlucky bench which came on the ſportſman's legs, overthrew our heroine, who, falling backwards, diſplayed the ſtrong circular ſupporters of her body, and two flannel under petticoats. The pointers, who were diſturbed with the fray, began a hideous yelling; the cats left the hearth; an immenſe large kettle of waſh was overturned, and half a dozen candleſticks, ſlices, &c. came thundering from the ſhelf. Nothing could equal the aſtoniſhment of the ſportſman; half aſleep and half awake, he ſaw things in a kind of chaos, and really imagined the confuſed clangour

gour he heard to be the laſt trumpet, mixed with the innumerable voices it awakened. Our hoſteſs lay in the poſition in which ſhe fell ſome time, declaring ſhe was dead, till her huſband, who really began to fear he had hurt her, raiſed her up, which aſſiſtance ſhe permitted, burſting at the ſame time into tears, ſaying, "Yes, my dear, you have "killed your own wife; yes, you "have, ſo happy as we have lived "together!"—"Why then, child," returned he, "are you ſo obſtinate?" "My dear," anſwered ſhe, "you "know I am right."—The huſband, who began to fear even now a renewal of the argument, begged her to think no more of it, and adminiſtered a doſe of brandy, whoſe powerful effects produced immediate harmony, and prevented another ſtorm, which

ſeemed

ſeemed gathering; for, though by accident defeated, our heroine burned to renew the fight.

A little interval took place to reſtore every thing to peace, and to compoſe the agitated mind of our fair hoſteſs; as for him, he was juſt the ſame as if nothing had happened. Sally, who was rather a good-natured girl, obſerved, with a great deal of humour, that ſhe thought they might have kept her age a ſecret till ſhe was married at leaſt. "Why, you ſlut," cried the father, "it's time you had a huſband, "that's all." — "Huſband! Lord, "who would have me, I wonder?" (looking at Tom) who, with a great deal of gallantry, aſſured her, that any one would be happy to have ſuch a handſome wife, which, though extremely common-place, he thought would

would have a very ſufficient effect; and ſo it had, for ſhe thanked him for the compliment, with a ſmile and a bluſh, which, I dare ſay, the artful huſſy could ſummon when ſhe pleaſed.

The ſhoemaker ſhrewdly remarked, that ſuch things had happened, as two ſtrangers meeting and taking a ſudden liking to one another, and its proving ſoon afterwards a match.

"I know," ſaid he, "a ſtory," (this brought into Sally's mind one that he had promiſed to tell her ſome time before, and ſhe now begged of him to relate it; her father, who loved fun, as he called it, exceedingly, ſeconded the motion, crying, "Ay, "ay, let's hear it; come, neighbour, "give it us, won't ye?"—Tom, who enjoyed very much theſe ſcenes of life, aſſured the narrator, that he ſhould

ſhould be happy if he would favour them with it.

This gentleman, however, did not want much ſoliciting, he loved telling ſtories above any thing, and prided himſelf on his abilities as much as ever Joe Miller did. "Well, Sir," (cried he, taking his mug in his hand) "there was on a certain time "an Indian princeſs, I think it was "an Indian princeſs, ay, ay, it was, "no, I am wrong, it was a prince; "but howſomever he one day, ye "ſee, being tired with ſtate affairs, "and in a very melancholy fit, re-"tired all alone to the groves, which "were at ſome diſtance from the pa-"lace;" (Let me have a mug of beer; while this was bringing, Sally, who was all impatience, begged him to proceed:) "ſo you ſee, he had "been walking ſome time, when a "beau-

" beautiful white hare ran by him;
" it was all milk white, you obſerve;
" and the prince was ſo ſtruck with
" its beauty, that he could do no-
" thing but think of it; at laſt he lay
" down by the ſide of a limpid brook,
" and ſleep overcame him:"—(in which ſituation our prolix narrator left the prince while he filled his pipe and moiſtened his mouth with the divine liquor that inſpired his muſe:)—" he was awakened at laſt by the
" moſt heavenly muſic he had ever
" heard, and rubbing his eyes beheld
" a beautiful fair lady; " Prince,
" ſaid ſhe, I am the Queen Mama-
" cluce, of the iſland of Lucipatam;"
" So ſhe up and told him the whole
" ſtory, how ſhe was married to the
" king, and that her ſpouſe being far
" off at the wars, a giant attempted
" to make free with her, this was

" the great monſter named Balbouc,
" who was the dread of the whole
" country; ſo you ſee, finding her
" chaſte and vartious, and becauſe
" ſhe would not yield to his vile em-
" braces, he changed her into a white
" leveret; ſhe told him moreover,
" that ſhe aſſumed her proper ſhape
" every day at twelve, when the gi-
" ant always came to endeavour to
" ſeduce her. Preſently a thick ſmoke
" came on, and there appeared a mon-
" ſter with ſeven heads and three
" legs; he came immediately up to
" the prince and ſeized hold of him,
" lifting his arm up, in which he
" held the branch of an oak, and was
" going with a cimeter to cut off his
" head, when ——." At this inſtant a violent knocking was heard at the door of the inn; Mrs. Dobbins fainted, Miſs ſcreamed, the barber let fall his

his beer, and our narrator exclaimed, "Lord, have mercy on us!" while the landlord anſwered him, "Dam-"nation! what's the matter?"

The knocking continued ſome time, and at laſt, againſt the opinion of the whole company, our hoſt ventured to open the door, and there entered a lady, covered entirely in a great coat and a veil over her face; ſhe immediately threw herſelf in a chair without ſpeaking a ſyllable, ſhe was followed by a country fellow, whoſe horrid countenance added much to the fear of the ſpectators: he was juſt able to call out, ſhut the door, ſhut the door, which the little barber executed with great alacrity, double bolting it inſide.

Tom flew to the aſſiſtance of the lady, but all the reſt, ſtruck at her ſupernatural appearance, retired to a great

great diſtance, till they ſaw him take her hand: indeed, it is very probable that they took this young lady for the Indian princeſs and the countryman for the three-headed monſter.

Our hero was very ſolicitous to ſee her face, which ſhe as induſtriouſly concealed; ſhe had apparently recovered her fright a little, when he ventured to aſk the reaſon of what had juſt happened, and begged her to truſt to his protection; ſhe had juſt time to reply, in a voice he thought he knew, "Pray, Sir, make no inqui-"ries, you ſhall know all by-and-"bye." When the ſame knocking was again heard, and a man's voice, which repeated the words *C'eſt moi, c'eſt moi*; the landlord poſitively refuſed opening the door, ſaying, that perhaps *C'eſt moi* was the devil: the barber hid himſelf under the table,

Miſs got hold of Tom, and the mother was ſaying the Lord's Prayer in a corner of the kitchen.

As ſoon as the young lady heard the words above-mentioned, ſhe flew herſelf to the door, and opened it with extreme agitation, begging our hero for God's ſake not to follow her. Tom had juſt time to obſerve ſomething like a poſt-chaiſe, and a man inſide muffled up in a great coat, for our incognita was ſcarce a moment ſtepping into the carriage, which diſappeared in the twinkling of an eye: the countenance of every one now changed as pale as aſhes; ſome converted the chaiſe into a flying chariot, others into a winged horſe, then into a dragon, and ſuch an effect had fright taken on the poor barber, that he ſwore poſitively he ſaw it mount into the ſky.

As

As for Tom, he remained ſome time wrapped up in the ſtrangeneſs of the adventure, which he concluded muſt be ſome love affair, and wiſhed now that he had followed the chaiſe as far as he could ſee it.

The village was by this time in arms, Mother George came in from next door in her ſhift, Goody Barns and Suky Wheatſheaf followed immediately; theſe four ladies now formed a circle in the kitchen, and, for a moment, a general pauſe enſued, which was broke through by Mother George, who exclaimed, "Lord have mercy! what is all this "noiſe?" "Oh! ma'am, God "knows," replied Mrs. Dobbins; "I can't ſleep a wink to night, "I am ſure:" Goody Barns ſwore ſhe would not live in the houſe if any body would give it her; and

Suky declared, ſhe had heard her mother ſay it was haunted in farmer Braunſton's time.

Our hero did as much as poſſible to ſuppreſs their fears, which nothing was able to do ſo well as a glaſs or two of cordial, which was now adminiſtered all round. The honeſt ſhoemaker, however, left his ſtory unfiniſhed, and, begging the barber to accompany him home, went away with great haſte from the inn; as for the ſportſman, he had retired to bed in the middle of the ſtory, and it was out of the power of a legion of devils to diſturb him. Sally trembled all over, and our hero knowing that nothing is ſo pleaſing to a woman when alarmed, as gentle preſſures of the hand, tender expreſſions, taking her in your arms, and ſometimes, if the occaſion requires,

quires, the recovering her with a kiſs, applied them ſo plentifully to poor Sally's mouth, that ſhe began ſenſibly to revive, and would ſoon have forgot her fright, had not her mother, whoſe tongue was ſet a going, began relating ſeveral ſtories of ghoſts, &c.—"Lord, my dear," ſaid ſhe to her huſband, "What do "you think about it? you ſee it "frightened even the clerk, and he "is a man of larning."—"Indeed, "my dear," returned he, "I don't "know what to think; it is very "ſurpriſing."—"Ah, well," continued ſhe, "many ſuch extraordi-"nary things have happened, and "never been heard of any more. "You muſt remember, I am ſure, "my dear, the ſilver white lady that "uſed to walk in farmer Man-"ning's cloſe."—"Remember it!"

(cried our hoſt) "ay, to be ſure; "and a hundred chances but one, "this is her."

Goody Barns now related a ſtory, Mother George another, and Suky Wheatſheaf half a dozen—At laſt the aſſembly broke up, and each retired to her bed, but nobody to ſleep. We may imagine that Goody Dobbings clung cloſe to her huſband, and that our hero was not far diſtant from the fair Sally.

CHAP

CHAP. X.

Tom ſets out again on his journey; he meets with another adventure more extraordinary than the former, in which the Reader will perceive that though things may appear at firſt the mere effects of Chance, they are however governed by the hand of that moſt excellent Workman who rules the machinery of life.

THE poſtillion of the ſun had mounted his favourite Ethon, and full of celeſtial fire came prancing o'er the Eaſtern hills, when our hero aroſe, and taking leave of his Sally (who had been up ſome time before, and prepared a good breakfaſt

for her gueſt), ſet out again for London, his bundle in his hand, and his faithful Keeper by his ſide.

This honeſt animal had left all the luxuries of Weſton Hall in diſguſt, to go with his deſerted maſter wherever fortune might lead him: they had nearly reached Wooburn before Tom (who had, till this moment, been occupied in ſome reflections on the adventures of the preceding evening, and his own misfortunes) felt any kind of fatigue; he however now ſeated himſelf on the trunk of a fallen tree which lay on one ſide the road, and gave way to the exceſs of melancholy that oppreſſed him, in an apoſtrophe to his faithful hound, which was looking up in his face:

"My poor dog (ſaid he) you lit-
"tle know, and yet you ſeem to
"know,

"know, how unfortunate your maſ-
"ter is; are you ſenſible that he is
"left to wander about an inhoſpita-
"ble world, without hope, or at
"leaſt without expectation, with no
"other friend in it but yourſelf?
"you I believe will follow me, and,
"unlike mankind, thy affectionate
"ſervices will remain unabated in
"all my troubles. How much ſupe-
"rior is thy noble grateful mind to
"that of man, who boaſts a ſoul, of
"which he makes thee deſtitute—by
"heavens I would not ſell thee, or
"part with thee, or loſe thee, for
"the world; no, we will purſue
"our journey together, trudge on
"through life, ſhare equal in every
"thing, and truſt alike to the powers
"of Chance to befriend us."

He now careſſed the poor animal, who ſmiled with gratitude, and

ſtretched himſelf before his maſter's feet. After Tom had ended his pathetic addreſs, he ſunk into a deep reverie; the principal ſubject in his heart was his fair incognita; a thouſand leſs intereſting ideas made room for that pleaſing remembrance, and its oppoſite tormenting reflection, that of never ſeeing her again. He had juſt drawn from his boſom the picture Chance had placed in his poſſeſſion, and was juſt beginning another apoſtrophe, when his attention was taken off by the appearance of a gentleman in imminent danger of being thrown, from the unruly ſpirit of the animal he rode.

Tom immediately flew to his aſſiſtance, and ſeized the bridle juſt in time to prevent his falling.

This old gentleman, who was no leſs a perſon than Sir Julius Acton, had

had been taking a ride, according to his uſual cuſtom, not ſo much for the ſake of his health, as to viſit the cottages around him, to diſpenſe happineſs, and to reward the induſtrious; and was, at the moment his horſe took fright, reflecting on the diſpoſition in which he had left a poor family.

Sir Julius ſurveyed our hero from head to foot, not with the ſupercilious glance of pride, but with a benevolence of heart only known to the liberal and good-natured, that made him wiſh to know more of him. This made the old baronet, after having thanked him for the aſſiſtance he had given him, make ſome inquiries whither he was going? how he came to be alone? and whether he had travelled far?

Tom informed him, he had left Northampton the preceding evening, and that he was going to London. "To London? what, on foot?" "Yes, Sir."—"It is pity you can't "get into the ſtage; it muſt be near "coming." To this our hero anſwered nothing; and the colonel, from a goodneſs of heart, ceaſed his interrogatories, for he by this time ſuſpected, by no means on the ungenerous ſide, that poor Tom was without money.

Keeper, who had run on a little before, now ſtopped for his maſter; when Sir Julius, who was a judge of dogs, and kept ſome excellent fox-hounds himſelf, entered into a long diſſertation on the form, colour, and ſtrength of that beautiful animal. Nothing could pleaſe Tom more than to praiſe his honeſt friend; he im-

immediately began a panegyric on the qualities of his mind, and related a thouſand inſtances of his faithfulneſs and ſagacity.

I muſt here obſerve, by way of excuſe, to my Readers, that I am obliged, however trivial it may appear, ſometimes to ſpeak of this honeſt beaſt: he forms a kind of epiſode to my hiſtory; and, while I mention Tom Weſton, I muſt not forget his faithful Keeper. Sir Julius ſoon found, from the obſervations Tom made, that he poſſeſſed ſome knowledge of Natural Hiſtory, and began to have a very favourable opinion of his underſtanding.

They were engaged in this converſation, when the wind ſuddenly ſprung up; the elms waved their lofty heads, and the ſcattering clouds gathering cloſe together, ſeemed to threaten

threaten an immediate ſtorm. Lucky it was for our travellers, at leaſt for one of them, that he was ſo near his own houſe, that the tempeſt could ſcarce reach him before he got home.

It was not ſo with Tom; he was at leaſt four miles from any town; the rain had began to fall in heavy drops, when Sir Julius arrived at the door of his elegant manſion, and our hero politely offered to take his leave; Sir Julius, however, inſiſted on his coming in, and taking ſome refreſhment. "It is impoſſible," ſaid he, "that you can go on in this "ſhower; ſtep in, and reſt yourſelf "a little."

Tom at laſt, with a great deal of reluctance conſented; I ſay with reluctance, becauſe the mind that could once have demanded, from ſituation, reſpect,

reſpect, can never, when that ſituation is changed, receive an obligation without the torment of reflection.

The ſervant who opened the door, was by nature a remorſe, crabbed fellow, who had been indeed too ſhort a time in his maſter's ſervice to benefit much by his example, ſeeing our young traveller behind, covered with duſt, and a bundle in his hand, with ſeveral other unequivocal marks of poverty, and at the ſame time obſerving a mildneſs of aſpect, and melancholy timidity that encouraged oppreſſion; after ſurveying him from head to foot, and thinking he came in of himſelf, from the ſhower, exclaimed, with an air of inſolence, which, no doubt, he thought would pleaſe his maſter, "Well, what do you want?"

Poor

Poor Tom nearly ſunk at this interrogatory; and was ſtepping back, when Sir Julius angrily aſked his ſervant what he meant? "This "fellow, Sir," ſaid he, "wants to "come in;" "It happens rather un- "fortunately for you," (cried Sir Julius, taking our hero by the hand) "that this fellow is my friend, and "a gentleman; however, was it the "meaneſt beggar on earth who "ſought ſhelter here, he would have "intereſt enough to turn ſuch a raſ- "cal out of my houſe, and I hope "every other." On ſaying this, he lugged Tom into the parlour, while the diſconcerted footman retired with precipitancy to the houſekeeper's room.

Sir Julius now apologized to our hero for leaving him a moment while he ſpoke to his daughter, and beg-

ged

ged him to amuſe himſelf with his library till his return.

The largeneſs of the manſion, the elegance of the rooms, and the number of ſervants he ſaw moving about, led him to imagine a thouſand different things; he was the more unhappy the greater he thought his hoſt: he now indulged thoſe cruel reflections which ſo readily find their way by compariſon to the heart; and, perhaps, ſhed one of thoſe melancholy tears that fall even without hope, for, in the ſame manner that the ſun's reflected rays on falling drops of rain form the bright rainbow, ſo does Hope in almoſt all our ſorrows preſent ſome pleaſing colours to the imagination.

Our hero, who was ſomewhat fatigued with his journey, had ſeated himſelf in an elbow-chair, and was re-

reclining in a thoughtful poſture, when the door opened, and preſented a picture that diſarranged at at once all his ideas.

Imagine to yourſelf a charming girl about ſixteen, elegantly made, and beautiful as an angel, juſt now ſtepping into your chamber; but more than this imagine, that this beautiful creature is the ſelf-ſame perſon Chance directed you once before to meet, and who is again directed by the power of Chance to fall in your way after you had given up every hope of ſeeing her again; and then tell me, whether you would not have felt the ſame emotion our hero did?

The young lady ſeeing a ſtranger in the room, for ſhe did not recognize Tom in the ſituation ſhe ſaw him, immediately withdrew.

The

The aſtoniſhed eye that views a brilliant meteor darting through the ſpace above it, would have been dazzled a moment, and the recollection loſt for ever, but the agreeable image he had juſt ſeen was reflected from the retina to the heart.

It ſtill continued to rain very hard, and Tom juſt now remembered that his dog was not only left out in the tempeſt, but in danger of being loſt; this idea made him extremely uneaſy, and he would almoſt have given any thing to be trudging on through the rain, with Keeper by his ſide.

Sir Julius preſently returned, followed by a ſervant, who brought in ſome cold meat, by way of luncheon, to which he invited our hero with ſo hearty a welcome, as to make a refuſal unkind.

The

The reader may be ſurprized at the ſtrong inclination Tom expreſſed to leave a place which contained all he valued on earth, and where he had an opportunity of forming a friendſhip with her father.

To be plain; Tom dreaded nothing ſo much as the danger into which theſe things involved him; he rejected the idea of love annexed to ruin, and friendſhip attached to miſfortune, and could not reconcile the thought of eſteem being ſhewn to a poor wretch not worth a ſhilling. He knew himſelf (by the extraordinary laws of civilization, that, in this country, exclude the beſt educated and accompliſhed men in certain ſituations) ſhut out from half the world, and he had reaſon to think himſelf inſurmountably barred from

ever

ever being connected with the Acton family.

Trifling incidents ſerve wonderfully ſometimes to help the irreſolute; the thoughts of his poor dog made him more uneaſy than any thing; and he was juſt about mentioning his fears to Sir Julius, when Miſs Acton entered the room, and was introduced by her father to our hero. "My "dear girl," ſaid Sir Julius, "this "young gentleman and myſelf were "caught in the rain together; I "can hardly perſuade him to remain "here till the weather is fair, you "muſt endeavour, Charlotte, to pro-"long a viſit that I ſhall be very "proud of."—Recollection, and the united powers of pleaſure and ſurprize now flew in a bluſh, mixt with the tint of roſes, to her cheek, and for a moment ſhe was incapable of obey-

obeying her father's commands; ſhe, however, ſoon after made ſufficient amends for a confuſion that promiſed more good than ill fortune to Tom, by urging with the ſweeteſt complacency the neceſſity of ſtaying where he was, till a poſt-chaiſe ſhould paſs on the road to London.

Such a command, ſuch a requeſt from a girl like Miſs Acton would, I am ſure, have been gladly complied with by half my readers; but to poor Tom Weſton every thing appeared diſadvantageous at this moment; friendſhip and eſteem ſerved only to cauſe a greater pang in the breaſt of that generous, deſerted youth; a melancholy that had uſurped dominion in a few days of ſorrow and diſappointment, had removed every pleaſing hope; he anſwered her with a ſigh, that he was ſorry his ſituation

was

was ſuch as to render it impoſſible for him even for a few hours to accept ſo kind an invitation.

It is too much for me to expreſs the confuſion of our two young lovers at this moment; the one owning a tender paſſion that did her honour; the other combating an inclination he feared to cheriſh. I need not, however, obſerve, that though our hero uſed every endeavour to conceal his paſſion, that organ which conveys at times the meaning of the ſoul, even againſt our will, ſeemed to render at this time his diſſimulation fruitleſs; nor did the ſoft eye of the gentle Charlotte ſpeak a language leſs intelligible.

Our hero almoſt ſinking under the weight that oppreſſed him, and recollecting his poor dog, was now looking with the moſt anxious concern at the par-

parlour window; when Sir Julius obſerving his uneaſineſs, requeſted to know the cauſe. To this our hero only anſwered, (nearly burſting into tears) "My poor dog!" Theſe words were ſcarcely pronounced before the old Baronet (who recollected the circumſtance of his being ſhut out) was at the door in his wig, leaping over his ſhoes, in a pond the rain had formed before his houſe, hallooing and whiſtling like a madman. The ſervants were all diſpatched different ways, while the old gentleman himſelf was cutting the wind, in his regimentals, ſwearing like a trooper.

Our hero, who had begged pardon of his Charlotte, flew like lightning to the door, and after an hour's fruitleſs ſearch, returned filled with vexation and diſappointment. "It was "but this morning," ſaid he, "that "we

"we were walking along the road "together—this is the moſt cruel of "all accidents." Sir Julius ſtrove to comfort him, by aſſuring him, that he was certain his dog could not be far off, and that there was no danger of his being ſtole.—"It appears, "Sir," ſaid Tom, "ridiculous in me "to pay ſo much regard to this poor "animal; but if you knew a little "more of my hiſtory, and that of my "honeſt fellow-traveller, you would "lament his loſs, and pity me: I "have not another friend in the "world."—"Perhaps" returned the amiable Miſs Acton, "you have ano-"ther friend." This gentle conſolation was ſpoken aſide; and to ſoften the exceſs of grief his breaſt then felt, gave him her hand, with an aſſurance, that his faithful Keeper would ſoon be found, and a promiſe that ſhe

would be his miſtreſs till ſhe could reſtore him.

However diſtreſt our hero might have been at this accident, it was a pleaſing alleviation to find he had intereſted by his misfortune the moſt amiable girl in the world. "I re-"ſign, Madam," ſaid he, "to your "charge my honeſt companion if "ever he is found, and ſhall rejoice "that he has ſuch a miſtreſs." Sir Julius renewed his ſolicitations for Tom to ſtay a few days at Wooburn, but finding him reſolutely determined to go on, requeſted to know where they could ſend his dog in caſe he ſhould be found.—"I have, Sir, "(ſaid our hero) no home—no reſi-"dence—all the world is alike to "me. Protect my poor animal, and "ſome time or other, perhaps, his "maſter will return to thank you."

In

In ſaying this, our hero turned from the ſteps in an agony of mind that cauſed a tear to ſteal down the cheek of the gentle Charlotte, who gave him her hand, and a ſigh from the heart of the generous Baronet.

Never had Tom known ſo dull, ſo comfortleſs a moment: the lowering clouds, the cold damp air, the dreary picture nature formed around him; the lonelineſs of the roads, and an almoſt broken heart, rendered his ſituation the moſt unhappy imaginable.

Thus it is, that while we ponder over ſome cruel difficulty, Heaven unknown to us diſperſes the ſtorm, and ſucceſs, hid behind the clouds of deſpair, breaks full at once to the wretched eye: for though Tom gave way at this moment to exceſſive ſorrow, had he known the happy end this little accident was meant to pro-

duce, he would have had more reaſon to rejoice than any thing elſe; we ſhall therefore withdraw the curtain which fate ſpreads over her machinery, and inform the reader, that Keeper was found ſoon after Tom left Acton Hall, in the ſtable, where he thought proper to reſt himſelf till his maſter ſet out again. In this deſign he was fruſtrated, by the wind ſhutting to the door, and making him a priſoner longer than he expected.—I ſhall not mention the pleaſure Miſs Acton felt at this incident, it is enough for the reader to know every poſſible care was taken of the truſty companion of our young adventurer.

To return to Tom Weſton, he found himſelf ſo extremely low and dejected after leaving Wooburn, that he became impatient to get on in his journey, and eager to diſſipate thought,

thought, took the convenience of a ſtage, that in a few hours conveyed him to Highgate, where we leave him till the next chapter

CHAP. XI.

Containing the entry of our hero into London, with a deſcription of that famous town, for the benefit and amuſement of ſuch of our country readers as may be inclined to viſit the metropolis, either to ſee the king, the lions, or my Lord Mayor's ſhew.

HUSHED be the clamours of the breakfaſt hour, the ſhrill and piercing cries of Milk below, Pots in the Two Pair of Stairs, and Bellows to mend; ſilent, the varied notes of Sweep, Sweep Soot ho, Old Cloaths, and Two-pence a Pound new Potatoes, the Muſic of the Duſtman's Bell, and Truſler's Parcel Poſt.

It

It was about eleven o'clock when Tom entered Tottenham Court Road, almoſt ſinking with fatigue, and encircled with clouds of duſt, his imagination raiſed, and his wonder excited, every ſtep he made. He was, however, moſt particularly ſtruck at a train of black, dirty heroes, mounted on jack-aſſes, who met him halfway, and ſaluted his ears with the elegant language of thoſe parts, called Slang.—Our hero, who was an entire ſtranger to the manners and cuſtoms of this part of the world, found himſelf exceedingly embarraſſed in reſpect to aſking his way to the Weſt End of the Town. He, at laſt, however, ventured to inquire it of one of theſe gentlemen, who very politely referred him—Elſewhere.

Tom, though naturally courageous, was prudent enough not to reſent the

inſult he received, as the Knights of the Shovel were pretty numerous, and were beſides flanked with a large body of females, dreſt according to the reigning faſhion of St. Giles's. He had not proceeded far, before his attention was taken up by an aſſembly of theſe ladies who had collected round a poſt ſomewhere about Howland or London Street (the particular poſt is not aſcertained), one of them, who he afterwards found was called Tall Sall, was arguing with the reſt in a manner ſomething beyond logic.—

As the reader may wiſh me, and as I indeed wiſh myſelf, to introduce this lady in ſuch a way as to make her appear before him by the powers of deſcription, I ſhall endeavour to picture her to his imagination, in as juſt a colouring as poſſible: ſhe was then uncommonly thin and tall,

near,

near, I believe, ſix feet; ſhe had on a linen gown, whoſe faded flowers ſeemed reviving again with the mud that was plentifully beſtowed on the borders and tail; the remains of her ſtocking, which was ornamented with open-work, left the heel extending near four inches beyond the ſhoe, her gown was pinned over a ſurface in front entirely deſtitute of the baſs relievo; her red hair ſtuck up in ſtrong briſtles, extending their heads beyond a rag that ſurrounded the hinder part of the cranium, and whoſe terminations wantonly played in the air; ſhe ſtood in that tremendous attitude ſo well known to female warriors, that is, with her arms a kimbo, and expoſtulated with all the force of rhetoric.

Near her was a little ſhort figure, much inclined to the embonpoint;

her lovely limbs were ſomewhat expoſed to the rude breath of the offending Boreas; ſhe had thrown off the uſeleſs ornaments of this world, and ſeemed regardleſs of the cold; her red legs were entirely uncovered, while her broad extended foot ſpread itſelf in the midſt of the kennel where ſhe ſtood—the baſs relievo here, however, was grand, and ſeen to ſome advantage; Guido himſelf would have been in ecſtacy at the luxuriant beauties of thoſe parts which the diſordered handkerchief expoſed—Her hair was rough by nature, and the frequent applications of her hand had entangled the contexture; her noſe was what is called ſnubbed; the ſmall pox had ſtudded her face with its largeſt diamonds; her eyes were large and piercing, and it is ſaid, ſhe uſed them to ſome advan-

advantage among the beaux of this quarter: this lady appeared to be the antagoniſt of Tall Sall, as Tom obſerved certain quick and ſudden contacts of the finger and thumb, together with ſome idioms that uſually attend thoſe geſtures, ſuch as, "I "don't care that for ye; You "know you are," &c. &c. &c. with perhaps ſome rude and Gothic applications.

On the right of this fair nymph ſtood a lean ſqualid figure, in an old black, I believe, bombazeen gown; her handkerchief was, for the purpoſe of ſuckling a little infant ſhe held in her arms, moved aſide, the pale orpiment jaundiced colour of this lady's ſkin may lead the reader to imagine the complexion of certain ſpherical and undulating parts modeſtly concealed, except on the occaſion I have

juſt mentioned; her cheeks were lean and ſhrivelled, the right eye made a conſiderable angle with the left, and the one was always open when the other ſlept; thus, Argus-like, ſhe watched inceſſantly every thing but her honour, and that had fallen into the hands of a cruel ſeducing green-man, a fellow who ſold cabbages in Covent Garden. The hiſtory of this lady is exceeding curious, and if it were not that many of my faſhionable readers would object to an intrigue in low life, and contend that the ſuperior ſort of vices ought to be confined to themſelves, I might be lead to relate the particulars; I ſhall, however, conceal the misfortunes of Mrs. Perkins, leſt I offend ſome female of faſhion who may perhaps now be laying down my book to pen an anſwer to a billet doux.

The

The fourth, and not leaſt, reſpectable perſonage in this aſſembly, was a noted fiſh-woman, who had ſet down her eels and flounders, the more readily to engage in the diſpute; ſhe had a very good, though ſomewhat brazen face; her neck was ornamented with a gilt-beaded necklace, and a Bandanna handkerchief covered her boſom.

She was, beſides, dreſt in a very neat brown ſtuff gown, and had on a very good under-petticoat: this lady was known in the circle by the nickname of the Handſome Fiſh-woman of the Wall; which envious epithet was given her from her ſtand being in that famous Row in Princes Street, Leiceſter Fields; ſhe held an empty bottle and glaſs in her hand, which, it ſeems, were the occaſion of the controverſy—I ſhall forbear mentioning,

ing, from my uſual delicacy, the expreſſive language theſe ladies made uſe of, and ſhall only obſerve, that ma'am, and whore, were terms of equal reproach, and equally reſented.

At laſt, tired with the uſeleſs jargon of their tongues, they prepared for more ſerious combat, and Tall Sall, in a moment of ungovernable fury, occaſioned by ſome reflections on her character (in defence of which I hope every lady will commend her ſpirit) fixed her long-extending claws on poor Nancy's ſcull, and tore her beautiful auburn locks by the roots, while Little Nan, equally intrepid, made a ſudden ſpring towards the breaſt of Tall Sarah, and left the muſlin handkerchief hanging in fragments from her boſom—Sall, however, determined not to yield, cloſed at once with little Fat Nance, and overſet

overſet her in the air, and, with cruel exultation, kept her ſome time ſuſpended in that poſition, to the no ſmall entertainment of the ſurrounding ſpectators.

Enraged at this vexatious and diſconcerting accident, Little Nan ruſhed with redoubled fury on her antagoniſt, and the center of effort being below the center of gravity, Tall Sall fell over her opponent, and, in her turn, diſplayed many ſecret charms—Nanny now had time to breathe, and throwing back her hair, which hung over her ſhoulders, braved the enemy to renew the combat; but the mighty heroine had received in her fall a violent blow on the back part of her head, which appeared very viſibly through the red plantations of Nature; but it was not this trivial circumſtance that

made her decline the fight; ſhe aſſured the ſpectators ſhe had received her death's blow, for ſhe was—— No matter how, Nanny marched off victorious, and brandiſhing her arms, dared any other damſel to the trial.

Curioſity detained Tom a few minutes to ſee this novel adventure, and he was luckily gratified without experiencing more of the dexterity of the company in which he mixed, than he would perhaps have liked—Fat Nanny, after having marched a little way, followed by her bottle-holder, and the major part of thoſe who divided from the fray. She was received by Gentleman Harry, a noted pick-pocket; this youth was about five feet ſix inches high; he had on a long brown coat, the pockets behind, a broad ſtriped waiſtcoat, breeches with ſtrings, large ribbed

cotton

cotton ſtockings, and ſilver buckles that came down to the toe; his hair, which was dark brown, hung down his ſhoulders, his hat ſlouched over his face, and his countenance bore all the evident marks of a thief; he held in his hand a bludgeon about eighteen inches in length, and rolled along to the terror of every peaceful perſon. This genteel youth came up with a violent ſhock againſt our hero, who, though ſufficiently enraged at the inſult, was determined to reſent nothing till he knew more of town; during the confuſion, a well-educated friend of Harry's had contrived very dexterouſly to rid Tom of his handkerchief; for which purpoſes this mode of attack is frequently uſed.

The reader may naturally ſuppoſe that our uninformed youth met with many

many obſtacles which are nothing to the pedeſtrian of the town; he was impeded one moment by a porter, or a wheel-barrow woman; the next by running againſt a chimney-ſweeper, or coming into contact with a barber; his feet were entangled one inſtant, with the ropes extended acroſs the ſtreet to the cellar, for the purpoſe of lowering down beer, and the next his ſhins in imminent danger from the formidable range of mops and pails exerciſing at the doors.

He ſtopped near an hour at Charing-croſs to get over the way; and when he had ſurmounted that difficulty, remained another half hour in ſuſpenſe, which way he ought to proceed; few of the inconveniencies mentioned in the excellent Trivia, were eſcaped by our hero.

As

As however his perſon was very genteel, his dreſs in faſhion, and his manner the moſt eaſy in the world, he eſcaped the obſervation of the mob, and paſſed on without notice. The ideas of theſe gentlemen are informed on external objects with great facility, and extreme foppery, or macaroniſm, in a paſſer-by always attracts admiration, and the moſt pointed ridicule. Nothing could be obſerved in Tom very uncommon. Thus he eſcaped where many a very pretty gentleman would have been inſulted.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Tom's arrival at his friend's houſe in Broad Court, Drury Lane; a leſſon to regulate our hopes and expectations; the character of his new landlady, Mrs. Acid, and the preliminaries he was obliged to comply with to get a lodging.

AMONG the letters Mr. Bowden had given our hero, was one to a Mr. Maclean, whoſe buſineſs was that of a taylor; he was, however, an honeſt and induſtrious man, and eſteemed by every one who knew him. It was at this worthy man's houſe the good curate recommended our young adventurer to lodge.

lodge. Tom had ſcarcely been two minutes at the door before a well-dreſt woman opened it, and after liſtening with the moſt polite attention to his buſineſs, rung the bell for her huſband—Preſently a well-made little man entered the room, with a mild and benevolent aſpect, and a manner that would have done honor to a gentleman.

Our hero preſented his letter, which he put on his ſpectacles to read, ſtopping between every period, with ſome compliment, which ſhewed (for it always does ſhew) the nature of the contents; "Young gentleman," ſaid Mrs. Maclean, "I am glad to ſee "you, and hope you will ſoon meet "with ſomething both agreeable and "advantageous; I ſhould have been "glad, if poſſible, Mr. Bowden "could have accompanied you to "town;

"town; he is a good worthy crea-
"ture." Mr. Maclean now called his wife, and mentioning who our hero was, requeſted her to do every thing to make his ſituation agreeable, which requeſt it ſeemed her natural diſpoſition to comply with.

Courteſy and hoſpitality appeared in the countenance of all the family, even the little children cluſtered round the young ſtranger, and welcomed him to their abode.

As it was near dinner time, the the eldeſt girl was diſpatched for ſome porter, and a fine leg of mutton was placed on the table, of which Tom eat very hearty; after the cloth was removed, a bottle of good wine was brought from the cellar. (I hope the reader will not be offended at this circumſtance; I truſt it is his wiſh as well as mine, that no honeſt man may

may want ſo ſmall a luxury on ſuch an occaſion.)

With the care theſe good people took of their gueſt, it may eaſily be concluded that his fatigue inſenſibly went off, indeed new life entered with every glaſs, for ſuch is always the effect of wine, when moderately uſed. Our hero's ſpirits had now returned ſufficiently to give him powers to relate the adventures he had met with on the road, which would have been amuſing enough, could he have excepted the accident of loſing his dog, though ſome parts cauſed a ſmile, the well-governed civility ſympathized with him in every part that related to diſtreſs.—After dinner Mr. Maclean went to his buſineſs, while his amiable wife entertained our hero with a deſcription of London, which diverted his atten-

attention from every thing elſe till tea time. When Mrs. Maclean mentioned a difficulty that gave her great concern, which was, that the houſe being full of lodgers, it was out of her power to accommodate him there, and that there was only one to let near them, which though ſhe could not ſay much of, ſhe hoped would do for the preſent.

Our hero begged her not to be unhappy on his account; and after aſſuring her that he ſhould be very well pleaſed with any thing for the preſent, ſet out with the little boy to ſee it, who conducted him to a chandler's ſhop in the vicinity of Drury Lane, well known for the character of Mrs. Acid, the lady who kept it; at the moment they entered ſhe was ſerving a penny-worth of cheeſe, which prevented Tom at firſt from ſpeaking.

As

As ſoon, however, as ſhe had done, he ventured to addreſs her, mentioning very civilly who he came from, and that he wiſhed to ſee her lodgings. To which ſhe replied, in a ſharp tone: "Well, you may have "patience, I think." Our hero, naturally quiet, ſtood near a quarter of an hour with great philoſophy, while ſhe ſerved innumerable articles in the retail way: the old lady now waddled from the counter, calling out in a voice, a few notes higher than before, "Molly, Molly, what "are you about?"—"Dabbing up "them there few things."—"Come "up and ſerve, do. Wipe your "hands now." And after another elapſe in ſearching for the key, ſtumped up ſtairs, and opening the door, obſerved to Tom, "that the

"room had not been waſhed, elſe "the floor was as white as a lily."

Our young adventurer ſurveyed the apartment, while Mrs. Acid was employed opening the windows, and ſetting off the furniture to advantage, which as ſoon as ſhe had done, ſhe placed herſelf in an erect poſture, the candle in one hand, and the other arm a-kimbo; ſhe remained ſome time looking at Tom, who at laſt relieved her from the doubts which ſeemed collecting in her mind, by inquiring the rent of the apartment: "Oh, no great deal, God "knows; I does not live by my "lodgers—I ſuppoſe four ſhillings a "week is not dear, ha?"—"I think," anſwered our hero, "it is rather too "much for this room."—"For this "room, indeed!" returned Mrs. Acid,

Acid, turning up her noſe, "I have "had gentlemen, real gentlemen, "I am ſure, ſleep in it before now, "bad as it is—there isn't a better bed "in all England, though I ſay it— "ſoft as down—and the beſt of "furniture." She now went to the bedſide, beat the ſacking, tucked in the blankets, and ſmoothed the coverlid; then, after ſtopping a few minutes, waddled to the door, grumbling to herſelf, "I can't leave my "ſhop, indeed, cuſtomers won't "wait."

Tom finding it impoſſible to reaſon with this inflexible lady, told her, he believed he ſhould take the apartment for a month or ſo, and that all the attendance he required was breakfaſt in the morning. "Breakfaſt! "oh, that won't do for me—break- "faſt—I'll aſſure you, all hands are

" employed here."--" Well," returned Tom, " I muſt manage that mat-
" ter by breakfaſting at my friend's
" houſe—then, Madam, I ſhall come
" in to-night if the room is ready."
" —You will! and pray where am I
" to have a character? beſides, I muſt
" have arneſt, or I ſhan't take down
" my bill, I aſſure ye." Tom very readily complied with this demand, and was in hopes he had ſettled all the neceſſary preliminaries, when ſhe exclaimed again, in a voice that might have been heard very well in Lincoln's-Inn Fields; " And pray
" how am I to be paid?"—" Every
" week, or every month," returned Tom, " juſt as you pleaſe."—" Oh,
" every week to be ſure—thoſe who
" can't pay weekly, can't pay
" monthly—and I never truſtſes.
" I have loſt enough already, God
" knows.

"knows. But pray," continued Mrs. Acid, "young man, what "hours do you keep?" Tom replied, "he uſually came in about eleven." "—Very well," cried ſhe, "becauſe "I never ſits up; my health won't "permit me; I won't kill myſelf "for nobody."

I muſt make one obſervation in reſpect to this lady, which I beg my reader to pay attention to; ſhe had a very ſharp noſe.

Our hero returned home, not very well pleaſed with his new landlady; nor was Mrs. Maclean leſs hurt, when ſhe heard the reception he had met with. She had, though very innocently, ſent him to the greateſt ſcold in the whole pariſh, and would have given any thing to have ſituated him more agreeably.

Supper being ended, and a bowl

of good punch placed on the table, the converſation turned on Tom's ſituation, the plan he meant to adopt, and the employment he wiſhed for.

Our hero, without any reſerve, mentioned his intentions of ſoliciting the ſituation of a writer abroad, or a place in ſome of the public offices at home; and produced the ſeveral letters of recommendation Mr. Bowden had given him.

Mr. Maclean, after having read the ſuperſcriptions, ſhook his head: "I "am not, Mr. Weſton," ſaid this good man, "one of thoſe people "who love to damp the hopes and "expectations of youth; but it is "my duty to prepare you, in the "world you now enter, for ſome "diſappointments. I am well ac-"quainted with the characters of "theſe people, and I ought, my

"young

" young friend, to tell you on what
" you have to depend. The firſt,
" Lord Luſtre, is a man of great in-
" tereſt, his ſucceſs in life has been
" rapid, and he came from nothing.
" It is the recommendations of the
" great only, he pays attention to:
" I fear he will neglect the requeſt
" of his friend Mr. Bowden, whoſe
" goodneſs of heart has not permitted
" him to ſuſpect, how much men
" can change. At the time Mr.
" Bowden firſt knew him, he was
" in a different ſituation, a ſituation,
" which he wiſhes buried in oblivion.
" The man, Mr. Weſton, who
" riſes by his virtues, need not thus
" be aſhamed; he may be raiſed to
" dignities and honours, but his
" heart has ever been the ſame.

" The next, Sir Harry Vacant,
" is one of thoſe beings who do no

" good, and little harm in the world,
" who are of no uſe, and ſeldom
" uſed; he promiſes, and diſappoints
" alternately, and remembers and
" forgets by turns; he is, however,
" always exceeding friendly and good
" natured, and will, if you'll let
" him, amuſe you for a twelvemonth
" with what he means to do.

" From this laſt I believe you may
" indulge ſome hopes." Here Tom's countenance brightened, and he preſently forgot, with a levity natural to youth, the diſagreeable part of this detail. " This is one," ſaid Mr. Maclean, " of thoſe generous beings
" who can condeſcend to mix with
" his fellow creatures; his pride is,
" not to be ſeated with the great,
" though his family is one of the
" oldeſt in England: he had much
" rather paſs his hours with men of
" genius

" genius and ſcience, or with thoſe
" whoſe misfortunes have left them
" without a friend. This gentleman
" is an author, and a much admired
" one; he is bleſt with every thing
" but health; his conſtitution now
" begins to feel a regular decay, the
" effect only of age. He has a
" daughter who is as affectionate and
" kind to him, as he is generous
" and good to her: whenever he
" dies, the prayers of thouſands
" will aſcend with his departed ſpirit.
" He will treat you like a father:
" though I am only a tradeſman, he
" has honoured me with his eſteem
" and friendſhip, and has provided
" for two of my little boys and my
" girl Betſey, who is a companion
" to his daughter." This panegyric laſted till the watchman went eleven, when, after a ſocial good

night, Tom went home to his lodgings.

Mrs. Acid let him in herſelf, and our hero, who was determined to oppoſe all the politeneſs he had, to this lady's ſubacid, aſked her very kindly how ſhe did. To which friendly inquiry, ſhe made no anſwer, but giving him the candle and key, left him to aſcend the ſtairs by himſelf.

The moment Tom entered the room, he threw himſelf on his bed, and gave way to a crowd of melancholy ideas that ruſhed on his mind, brought forward by his comparing his preſent ſituation with his paſt.

The young mind views with horror the innovation in family peace and happineſs, the entrance into the buſy world neceſſarily makes.

Tom now brought to his remembrance his early pleaſure at Weſton-Hall

Hall—the friendſhip of Rattle—the tenderneſs of his deſerted Harriett —the honeſty of his poor dog—and a thouſand other circumſtances his imagination preſented him—every piece of furniture in his mother's cottage—the comfortable fire ſide, where he liſtened to her pleaſing ſtories—his little bed-chamber—the field he played in—and the lane which led to the gentle Harriet's abode.

Our hero, however, had not felt the loſs of his former pleaſures and amuſements till this moment—the project of his coming up to town—the adventures on the road—and the caſtles he had been building on the way, allowed him little time to think; but now left alone, in a diſmal ſtrange room, without a friend to ſpeak to, or even a book to amuſe

him—cool reaſon found the way to his mind—knight errantry fled—and our hero was at once reaſonable and unhappy.

FINIS.